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LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

#291 October 8, 1970

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Photos of the Soledad Brothers: George Jackson, John Cluchette and Fleeta Drumgo.....P-1
"Don't Shoot at Orphans Village", sign in S. Vietnam photo; Latin America fist with rifle drawing; USA postage stamp.....P-2
Queens House of Detention Prisoner's revolt.....P-3
Janis Joplin photo.....P-4

NOTE: Photos to accompany the Columbian Coffee story on page 7 should appear in the next packet!!!!!!

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TABLE OF MALCONTENTS

STAFF COLLECTIVE
Anne Dockery, Beryl Epstein, Howie Epstein, Mark Feinstein, Ted Franklin, Bob Heilbroner, Alan Howard, Karen Kearns, Andy Marx, Kathy Mulvihill, Barbara Rothkrug, Nina Sabaroff, Mike Shuster, Roberta Weintraub, Cinda Firestone
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****

TABLE OF CONTENTS
LNS #291 October 8, 1970

Leila Khaled Tells Why She is a Commando.....1
Huey's Retrial Date Set for January.....3
Cashing in on Women's Liberation.....3
Poem from a Dead Nicaraguan Guerrilla.....4
"We Don't Want the People to Think We're Santa Claus"-- LNS Does An Interview with the Tupamaros.....4
Tupamaros' Interrogation of Mitrione.....5
A Subversive Anecdote.....6
Colombia: Half of Juan Valdez's Children Never Reach their Fifth Birthday.....7
Timothy Leary: Letter from an Escaped POW....8
"Some of My Best Friends Are Indians".....9
Overdose! Jimi and "The Culture".....10
Young Lords Party Position Paper on Women....11
Milwaukee 2 Panthers Railroaded to 30 Years..13
Two of the New Haven 9 are Free.....14
16 Year Old Black Murdered; Police Go Free.. 14
New York prisons explode: "We are not animals" 15
GM Workers Go Out: Anatomy of a Strike.....17
Soledad Brother Talks About Sisters.....18
Bringing the War Home?.....18
"Que Viva Puerto Rico Libre"--Young Lords Party Calls for March on October 30.....19
Janis Joplin, 1943-1970: "I Want to Show You Baby a Woman Can be Tough.....21
Timothy and Rosemary Leary Granted Asylum in Algeria.....22

(Note to Editors: The following is the second part of Leila Khaled's story. Part I appeared in the last packet, #290.)

LEILA KHALED TELLS WHY SHE IS A COMMANDO

LIBERATION News Service

Soon after this, things became serious as we began our descent to Lydda. Of course, we had no intention of landing there--that possiblility was the one thing that worried us. But we wanted to fly over our enemy's city just to show him we could do it.

"Descend to one-two-zero," I told the pilot and the co-pilot chipped in, "You mean twelve thousand feet?" "You know what I mean." So we began the long descent and out of the haze the coast of Palestine gradually grew clearer. "What shall we do when we get to 12,000?" the pilot asked. "Let's have a round twice," I replied and made a swinging gesture with my left hand and the pilot's eyes, as always, followed the grenade; "we want to have a picnic over our land," I said.

Needless to say, my exchanges with Lydda airport were not friendly. The controller was very excited and shouted at me angrily the whole time. Having switched to the Lydda wavelength, I first read a message in Arabic for our people in Occupied Palestine. I tried to speak to the airport tower in Arabic but they wouldn't reply. "TWA 840?" they kept calling, so I responded, "Shut up! This is Popular Front Free Arab Palestine. We will not respond unless you use this call sign. We are coming down. We are landing. Give us space."

I said this just to frighten them, because I don't think the Israelis wanted us to land any more than we wanted to land there. My words seemed to have had the desired effect because Lydda tower shouted back, "Don't come down, don't come down, or else we'll send Mirages to shoot you down."

And I told them: "Here is Free Arab Palestine. What can you do about it? I don't care for my life. This is our land. We want to die over our land. But you will be responsible for the lives of the crew and passengers." (While all this was going on at about 20,000 feet, my friend held the intercom microphone near my mouth so that the passengers could hear the exchange, which couldn't have been very comforting for them.)

There were more threats of Mirages from the ground and when I glanced ahead there they were, two of them, just in front of us. We were still descending, but the captain said to me, "We can't descend any more. It's too dangerous with these Mirages in front." This, evidently, was how the Israelis were trying to prevent us from landing. The co-pilot then asked to speak to Lydda. He explained to them:

"We have to follow her orders and descend or else the aircraft will be blown up. Clear the air. And, don't keep calling TWA 840. This is Popular Front." Perhaps because of his words, the Mirages moved out a little, though they still stayed with us and we descended to 12,000. We then did three big turns over Lydda and Tel Aviv. We were seven minutes in all over Tel Aviv: enough to make our point. My final message to Lydda, just to keep them worrying, was, "Bye bye for now, but we are coming back!"

17.12 hours. Compass bearing 350°.

I gave the pilot a compass reading for a course due north and he suggested that we climb because we were using up too much fuel at 12,000 feet. I told him to go up to 25,000.

In a very few minutes Haifa was before us--the hump of Mount Carmel, the harbour below it and over to the right the oil tanks and the cement factory with its long plume of white smoke. "This is my city," I told the crew."Take a good look at it. This is where I was born."

From maps I had a rough idea of the area in which our house stood and I think I identified this area but the city slipped away beneath us much too quickly. I felt like asking the pilot to make a turn over my home town so that I could have a better look at it but we were really running low on fuel and every minute counted now.

Just that fleeting glimpse, and a few dim childhood memories are all that link me directly, personally, with my home in Palestine. I was born in April 1944, so I was just under four when my mother, with us eight children, left Haifa some time in March 1948. I remember a staircase: one day there was a man with blood all over his face lying under the stairs. My mother says he died there, one of the victims of the battle for Haifa between the Arabs and the Zionists that was going on all round our house.

My father was away from home, with the Arab fighters, but when he came home, a week before we left, and found that my mother had packed up things to leave he ordered her to unpack everything because we were not going to leave, then or ever.

But the street fighting increased, most of the other women and children had left, the Zionists were advancing and they were ordering us to leave over their loudspeakers. Many, many times in the following years we asked our mother why she had left and she would tell us that she was forced to.

Certainly there was a lot of fighting in the nearby streets and she was alone with eight children: the first taxi we sent for was hit and set on fire and I remember there was shooting very close to us as we got into the second taxi. We left in a confused hurry with little more than what we stood up in.

At the last minute, counting her brood of children in the car, my mother found that one was missing, myself. I was hiding under the stairs. I remember not wanting to leave home but my mother teased me by saying that what I didn't want to leave was a box of sugared dates my father had brought us. My mother left with a big bunch of keys because she had carefully locked up everything in the house.

That was how my family became "refugees."

But no Palestiniam is really a "refugee." We are displaced persons or evictees, For if we were refugees and had found refuge, we would not want to go back to what we had left. Because we didn't leave of our own free will, but were pushed out according to a deliberate Zionist plan, we do want to go back, but havn't been allowed to. This determination to return makes us Palestinians unique among all the "refugees" of the world.

As the plane crossed the frontier between Israel and Lebanon, the co-pilot, looking rather worried, asked, "Are we going to Beirut?" "That is none of your business," I told him. "We don't have much fuel left, you know," he replied. "I know that, and I also know how to swim, should anything happen."

I, too, was worried about our fuel situation but I also was tremendously excited as we flew over the beautiful blue bay that lies beyond Ras Nakura. On the point opposite the Ras is Tyre which is where we have lived since leaving Palestine. Our apartment is almost on the beach and I thought I could just about pick it out. Little did my mother know that one of her daughters was flying high above her head. I visited her on my last evening in Lebanon and even told her I would be home for dinner. I knew she would be anxious but I had to keep things secret. I had also left the usual farewell letter in case something happened.

I could see the waves breaking on the beach where I had learned to swim. That is how we passed our time. Tyre had no cinemas then and we had no money to go to them even if there had been any. Away to the right, at the head of this splendid bay is what looks like a town but is really a camp for Palestinian refugees, 9,000 in all. For twenty years such camps have been the new homeland of our people.

When we arrived at Tyre we were a family of destitutes and destitutes we remained for ten years. In Haifa my father was not a rich man but we were reasonably comfortable: he was a textile merchant and he also owned a small cafe and rented out a couple of shops. He lost all this, of course; but what was really bad was that, like many others, he got nothing of the money he had in the bank, even though it was a British bank.

There was so much confusion when the Zionists captured Palestine that for several months we had no word of my father and we gave him up for dead: he ended up in Egypt. This was not an unusual occurrence; I know of many families who were scattered like this into the neighboring Arab countries.

My father was a sick man when we saw him again, with blood pressure and a bad heart. But what he was really suffering from was the loss of his home and his work. Again, this was not unusual, I know of several other men of my father's age whose health was broken because their careers were broken. Perhaps he should have struggled on. Many Palestinians have made a success of their new lives and when we do so that too is held against us: "refugees" just can't win.

My father was bedridden for the last five years of his life: he died in 1966. Fortunately my mother is originally from Tyre so for the first year we lived with one of her uncles. Then we moved into a two-roomed house in which we lived for the next 16 years, and by that time there were 14 in the family.

Crowded wasn't the word for it. But still, we were luckier than the others living in tents. During the winter storms my friends wouldn't come to school because their tents had been blown down. The small brother of one of my friends was washed away by a flood which tore through the camp.

The only regular cash coming in was a monthly payment to us of 100 Lebanese pounds [$31.20 dollars] by my mother's uncle which doesn't go far with 14 people.

Also we had to register as refugees with the UN. We received rations from the UN Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). But UNRWA itself says that it can't afford anything more than a bare subsistence diet of 1,500 calories a day.

But hunger one can learn to bear; what was unbearable was the humiliation of having to stand in line with our cans and sacks to collect our rations as "bakhshish." We had become beggars, just beggars, with our begging bowls in our hands, except that the alms came from UN and not from individuals. In the photos UNRWA has of ration distribution you will see few adults in the queues. They can't bear to go, so they send the children, as was the case with us. When my sisters began working as school teachers in 1957, UNRWA cut our rations, which was a blow, but we felt happier for being less dependent.

The best thing UNRWA has done for the Palestinians is to provide them with education. I liked school very much, I think we all did, because it was the only place where we could show that we were still human beings and not just a number on a ration roll. I first went to an Anglican school in Tyre and then to an American missionary school in the neighboring town of Sidon on an UNRWA scholarship.

I won another scholarship to the American University of Beirut where I planned to become a pharmacist, which is a good progression for a girl in this part of the world. The scholarship was not sufficient to cover all the costs of living in Beirut and my family couldn't help. So I could only stay a year at the University, and having to leave was the biggest disappointment I've faced so far.

I took a job as a teacher of English in Kuwait and did this for six years. I don't particularly like teaching but I had to start earning in order to help the family. One of my brothers got his degree in engineering and is working in Abu Dhabi in the Arabian Gulf, and another brother, who graduated in business administration, is working in a bank, also in Abu Dhabi.

With all our contributions the family is

comfortable once again. We can now afford to send one of my younger sisters to the University but, how ironical this is!--she's more interested in becoming a *fedai*(a Palestinian resistance fighter). One of my brothers and I are full-time *fedayeen*.

Many of our Lebanese friends ask my mother, "Do you really want to go back to Haifa after all these years?" And my mother answers, "Yes, I'd go tomorrow. It's true we have had a hard time and now things have become easy: we have a pleasant apartment, enough to eat, funds for the children's education and extras like TV. What is more, I'm a Lebanese from Tyre. So I'm not a stranger, but I'm at home. Lebanon is my country but it is not my place, my place is Haifa."

And my friends ask me whether I want to return to a country I barely knew since I left Palestine as a small child. And my answer is, "Yes," because I too have learned that while I am never a stranger in any Arab country, I can never feel at home.

-30-

(Look for the final installment of Leila's story in the next packet.)

HUEY'S RETRIAL DATE SET FOR JANUARY: GARRY PROTESTS

LIBERATION News Service

OAKLAND, Calif. (LNS) -- Judge Harold Hove of the Alameda County Superior Court set January 11 for the retrial of Black Panther Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton on charges of killing an Oakland cop. Huey's defense attorney, Charles Garry, protested vehemently that he could not possibly begin the trial at that time, given all the other court cases he has to deal with first.

When Garry asked that it be the last days of January or the first days of February -- pointing to the upcoming cases of Bobby Seale, David Hilliard and other Panthers, following the completion of the Los Siete trial which is now in progress -- the judge balked, suggesting that Garry was "spreading himself too thin."

Outside the courthouse -- the scene of so many demonstrations the past three years -- Garry and Huey spoke briefly with the press. "What is happening here is part of the repression against the Black Panther Party," said Garry."Now they are harassing the lawyers so we won't be able to adequately represent our clients.

"What's really bothering them now is that Huey P. Newton is out on the street, relating to the people. That's what they're scared of. I didn't spread myself too thin -- they spread me to thin, with all these attacks on the Panthers. The courts are intentionally working with the Federal Government in this. Look at New Orleans."

Huey told the reporters: "Frankly, I'm bored with the case. I can't relate to the court system. The people saw to my freedom, and the people will keep me free. I'm concerned with the Soledad case...the ten brothers [Huey referred to the 7 more brothers who, like the Soledad 3, have been accused of murdering a prison guard in retribution for three black prisoners murdered by a guard] and I am asking the people to support them.

"I'm also concerned with New Orleans. We are planning a march and demonstration there. The Governor of Louisiana threatened to kill David Hilliard and me if we set foot in Louisiana. I was born there, and I don't intend to allow anyone to keep me out of my hometown."

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CASHING IN ON WOMEN'S LIBERATION

NEW YORK (LNS) -- The publishing industry, ever capable of recognizing any chance for profit, has jumped into the field of women's liberation.

A recent story in the New York Times titled "Women's Lib Wooed by Publishers," indicates the widespread impact of the movement and the great thirst among women for literature about this movement.

The book Sexual Politics for example, by Kate Millett, has sold 15,000 copies in only one month. Two major New York bookstores, the Times reports, have special sections on feminism, where sales are very brisk.

The Lutheran Church of America's publishing arm, Fortress Press, has recently published a book called Adam's Fractured Rib, which takes up the role of women in the church.

The Four Winds Press is coming out with a book, What You Should Know About the Women's Liberation Movement, by Helen Eustis, which is designed for junior and senior high school students.

The influence of the women's movement is also evident in the latest paperback edition of Simone de Beauvoir's The Second Sex, The publishers no longer feel they have to put a naked woman on the cover to sell it.

The Times noted that "Some women's liberation books are selling despite what seems to be a lack of enthusiasm among the publisher's sales representatives, most of whom are men,and bookshop owners. "We found a lot of resistance in the trade," said a publicity director who did not want to be identified. "Some of our men find the subject distasteful."

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TWO NEW WOMEN'S ANTHOLOGIES ARE OUT

NEW YORK (LNS) --

Two anthologies of women's liberation material, out in paperback, have just hit the stands. They are: SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL, edited by Robin Morgan, and WOMEN'S LIBERATION: BLUEPRINT FOR THE FUTURE, edited by Sookie Stambler. Proceeds from both books, unlike most books written for the express purpose of making money off this new "fad", are going back into the women's movement. Articles in both paperbacks are written by women for women, so, pass the word.

-30-

POEM FROM A NICARAGUAN GUERRILLA: "EARTH IS A SATELLITE OF THE MOON"

by Leonel Rugama

LIBERATION News Service

Leonel Rugama was a Nicaraguan student, poet and guerrilla. He joined the Sandinist (Liberation) Front and was killed in January of this year by the repressive forces of the U.S.-trained National Guard. They surrounded a house he and two others were hiding in, and the battle lasted four hours: the three of them against 1,500. And the 1,500 had all kinds of weaponry, tanks, the works. When it was over, the gathering crowd saw the soldiers enter the house and heard three shots. The guerrillas defended themselves until they ran out of shot. This is one of the last poems Rugama wrote before he died. (Translated by Margaret Randall.)

EARTH IS A SATELLITE OF THE MOON

The apollo 2 cost more than the apollo 1
the apollo 1 cost enough.

The apollo 3 cost more than the apollo 2
the apollo 2 cost more than the apollo 1
the apollo 1 cost enough.

The apollo 4 cost more than the apollo 3
the apollo 3 cost more than the apollo 2
the apollo 2 cost more than the apollo 1
the apollo 1 cost enough.

The apollo 8 cost a whole lot but you didn't feel it
'cause the astronauts were protestants
they read the Bible from the moon,
bringing glad tidings to all Christians
and Pope Paul VI blessed them when they returned.

The apollo 9 cost more than all the rest together
including the apollo 1 which cost enough.

The great grandparents of the people of Acahualinca
were less hungry than the grandparents.
The great grandparents died of hunger.
The grandparents of the people of Acahualinca
were less hungry than the parents.
The grandparents died of hunger.
The parents of the people of Acahualinca were
less hungry than the people who live there now.
The parents died of hunger.

The people of Acahualinca are less hungry
than their children.
The children of the people of Acahualinca
are born dead because of hunger
and they're hungry at birth in order to die of hunger.

The people of Acahualinca die of hunger.
Blessed be the poor, for they shall inherit the moon.

[Note to editors: the next two interviews complement each other and can be run separately or together.]

"WE DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK WE'RE SANTA CLAUS"

INTERVIEW WITH A TUPAMARO

by Lizandro Salazar

LIBERATION News Service

(The following interview was conducted in a suburb of Montevideo in late September while 12,000 army troops continued their thus far fruitless two month search for the Brazilian diplomat and U.S. agricultural technician held captive by the MLN -- movimiento do liberacion nacional -- otherwise known as the Tupamaros.)

LNS: Did you forsee the adverse public reaction to the execution of Mitrione?

TUP: We foresaw a negative public reaction to the execution, but we're not interested only in "public opinion" -- we know how it's manufactured, right? -- especially immediate public reaction. We've seen public opinion that was adverse in the beginning become favorable many times. Don't forget that in the beginning for everyone -- including many on the left -- we were just a "band of delinquents." Now it's different.

We learn from the struggle. The dialogue that we maintain with the people will be deepened, and we will continue to penetrate the masses, and the masses the organization, not by a single word or gesture but by the entire dialogue.

LNS: And you think that dialogue has been deepened by Mitrione's execution?

TUP: We tried Mitrione and found him guilty. It was a just verdict. We tried him, and (President) Pacheco and the establishment executed him. We are aware that we paid a price in public opinion when we did it, but we're not interested in sympathy on a false basis. We don't want people to think we're Santa Claus.

LNS: Do you think that the demand for the exchange of all the political prisoners for the hostages was ever seriously considered by the government?

TUP: You'll have to ask the government about that.

LNS: Were there any negotiations?

TUP: There were negotiations and we didn't agree. But it's clear that they, and the American embassy, were only too willing to sacrifice the man. They saw a tremendous propaganda victory in labelling us killers. Look at their attitude now. They won't even allow the newspapers to publish our manifesto in exchange for the release of one of the prisoners.

LNS: Could it be that the price was just too high? Somebody in the government here said "Today they ask for the liberty of the prisoners, tomorrow it will be that the government of Uruguay go to the Antartic so they can install themselves in power."

TUP: We'd never do that. We'd send them to Paris, Rome, but never such an inhospitable place as the Antartic.

LNS: Do you think kidnappings are still a viable tactic?

TUP: Kidnappings are, among other things, a demonstration that the Latin American Revolution is

more...

now capable of creating jails for its traitors and oppressors, depriving them of liberty as they deprive us of ours, holding them as hostages as they hold us. In other actions we have demonstrated something similar: that bullets strike and kill the other side and not always our own.

LNS: Your willingness to discuss a "cessation of hostilities," expressed in the most recent communique, has been interpreted by some as a sign of the organization's weakness and an attempt to buy time to recuperate from the blows of the past month. Would you care to comment on that?

TUP: I have trouble relating to that question. Our struggle is not the struggle of our organization. It's the struggle of the people. Our organization is the people, the people in arms. Therefore it's difficult to measure our attitudes solely from the point of view of our strength or our weakness: of our triumphs or defeats as an organization. It's not a question of one band struggling against another band. That's why I react to that.

Our struggle is that of the people against the regime that oppresses them. Since that is the case, we know how difficult the coming war will be for all of us. The attitude of the Vietnamese people is exemplary. Nobody is trying to avoid the sacrifices that personally and collectively we must assume. What has happened is that today we see more clearly than ever that the people are behind us and that we must not treat frivolously the fate of the people.

Our willingness to negotiate at this time corresponds to the people's desire for peace. Anyone who sees weakness in that or sees only a political maneuver is mistaken and has not yet understood the new language -- sober, resolute, direct -- that is beginning to be spoken in the politics of Latin America. It is perhaps the only authentic language possible.

But eloquence is better left to action, to deeds.

LNS: In addition to the offer of a cease fire, the...

TUP: Cessation of hostilities. Cease fire would be rather pretentious at this stage, don't you think.

LNS: In addition to this, the manifesto also contains the semblance of a political program (nationalizing the banks, workers control of industry, diversifying and modernizing the agricultural sector, independent foreign policy). Does this in any way reflect a change in your attitude toward the presidential and parliamentary elections due next year?

TUP: We don't tie ourselves to schemes. We'll see next year what our attitude will be. What I can tell you is that in the last elections our attitude was to take advantage of them to expropriate an arsenal that was left without a guard. There were very few of us then and we didn't put up any candidates. But we celebrated the triumph counting our new weapons.

Today we don't repent what we did; the arms have served us better than the votes that might have been deposited. Today we are thousands -- and suddenly of journalistic interest.

LNS: How do you see the Tupamaros fitting into the continental struggle? What is the relationship, for instance, between the struggle in the mountains of Bolivia and here?

TUP: We have shown that in the cities as well, and even in the cities of Uruguay, it is possible to fight vertically against the common enemy. We will continue fighting tooth and nail in this struggle that is and will be continental.

LNS: The Bolivian revolutionaries recently published a letter thanking the Tupamaros for the cooperation and material aid provided by you, which accelerated the re-establishment of a guerrilla front in Bolivia. Is it possible to speak of a kind of international division of revolutionary tasks?

TUP: You know that the division of work in economic terms follows in the path of the development of certain conditions, not before. It might well happen in the same way with revolutionary work. But we will surely get there. Even now there are eloquent indications that we are moving inexorably toward that stage of revolutionary development.

LNS: Do you have any message for the North-American people now in struggle against their government?

TUP: A big *abrazo* [hug] to each and every one of you, and know that you are our great hope. Without you, there are no limits on the inhuman logic of the men who now control your government.

-30-

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THE TUPAMAROS SPEAK TO DAN MITRIONE:

EXCERPTS FROM AN INTERVIEW

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: The following are excerpts from a tape recording of one section of the questioning of CIA agent Dan Mitrione by members of the Tupamaros National Liberation Movement.

Dan Mitrione, once an Indiana police chief, was executed on August 9 after the regime refused to free all the Uruguayan political prisoners in exchange for him. Mitrone had been kidnapped by a Tupamaros commando group on July 31. The same day, Aloisio Dias Gomide, the Brazilian Consul, was also kidnapped. Claude Fly --- accused by several Argentine publications of being a CIA agent -- was kidnapped on August 7. The two are still being held by the Tupamaros.

The entire transcript of the tape was printed in Granma, a Cuban daily newspaper.)

TUP: Now you have a job that's different from being a chief in the United States?

MITRIONE: Yes, an entirely different job. Now I work for the police.

TUP: What kind of work did you do in Brazil?

M: I was an adviser. I worked in the interior of Brazil with _____. I was an adviser to the Military Police, in the matter of training. You know, in Brazil, like in Uruguay, policemen are only doing their duty. We search for the most peaceful way to do things so that their job will be better for them and for everybody. We try to have them do their job a little more in line with our views.

TUPS: Were you in the jungle?

M: No, it wasn't that kind of a job. I also taught them about upkeep of equipment, better maintenance of equipment.

TUPS: As you know, they lose their equipment quite often. We stole 700 pieces ourselves.

M: Yes, I know.

TUPS: Do you know that some of them were in pretty bad condition?

M: In bad condition?

TUPS: We had a hard time getting them back in shape. The revolvers were all right, but the rifles...

M: You had to work hard, eh?

TUPS: Yes! We had to do the work instead of them, but everything is in top shape now. What about your work in Uruguay?

M: It's more or less the same thing. We have an office at headquarters, and we work with the Ministry of the Interior and the chief of Police, there at headquarters. We work in communications in the interior, for the various departments of the interior, principally in the main network: telecommunications. They also brought in prowl cars, but these are purchased by Uruguay, not us. We split the cost of the radios, fifty-fifty. That is, some of them. Others are paid for in full by Uruguay.

TUPS: Do you think the Uruguayan policemen learn very quickly?

M: No; I really don't know. I think the young Uruguayans are very intelligent. I believe Uruguay is the best place in Latin America, because it has the best system of education and schools. The only bad thing is, there isn't much ambition to work harder here, to get better jobs -- but after all, they're paid very little. Yes, they are underpaid. Yes, it would help if they were paid more. . . . .

TUPS: Just as a subject for discussion, what do you think of us?

M: Of the Tupamaros?

TUPS: Yes. You know quite a lot about us. You've been living here for quite some time now. How long?

M: A year.

TUPS: That's enough time.

M: You work very well. You're well organized. You must have good leaders.

TUPS: Well, I should tell you -- and I hope you believe me -- that we have no leaders. We have people who are more or less important, but nothing like chiefs. We discuss everything. We are of less importance -- at least I am -- but there are others who are important. We're all comrades.

M: It's quite evident to me that you have a good organization. I'd say that you have good discipline and have been very successful.

TUPS: We are Uruguayans who don't put off until tomorrow what we can do today. That's for sure. . . . .

All right, when you worked with the military police in Brazil, what was your liaison with the DOPS [Department of Political and Social Order; Political Police]?

M: The DOPS? Oh, well, I think that...the DOPS ...I didn't know too much in those days. They're the Political Police, aren't they? I believe that one of their problems is that they're policemen who were hired through political patronage, while the military police are people with military training. I had very little to do with the DOPS.

TUPS: I believe the military police are trained in anti-guerrilla warfare. That's the main problem, right?

M: At that time we weren't doing that. The problem wasn't the guerrillas. We trained them to handle workers' strikes, labor problems, and maybe demonstrations in general -- how to use humane methods, without hurting anybody, if possible, but also to fight when necessary.

TUPS: They're changing their methods now, you know.

M: Yes, I read the interrogation manuals, all about special measures and all that. Very interesting.

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A SUBVERSIVE ANECDOTE

SALINAS, Calif. (LNS) -- A recently parolled prisoner from the California penal system tells this story of his early political education at the hands of George Jackson, one of the Soledad 3.

In 1961, George gave Jimmy a lot of books about politics and government. Jimmy, who had very little formal training, began slowly poring over the material.

About a year later, George ran into Jimmy in the exercise yard. "George, I got something to tell you, and you might not like it," Jimmy blurted out. "Maybe we won't be able to be friends any more but ...I think I'm a Communist."

George smiled broadly: "You'd damned well better be, or I'll kick your ass!" he responded.

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"This is the day of the guerrilla..."

-- Malcolm X, speech deliverered in 1964

COLUMBIA: HALF OF JUAN VALDEZ' CHILDREN NEVER REACH THEIR FIFTH BIRTHDAY

by Lizandro Salazar

LIBERATION News Service

BOOGOTA: (LNS) -- Remember Juan Valdez? That symbol of "the more than 200,000 cofee growers in Colombia, whose skill and tenacity are the backbone of the Colombian coffee industry?"

The only thing that Madison Avenue left out of its award-winning campaign was how poor Juan Valdez and his family are, and all the middlemen between the mountains of Colombia and your local supermarket who get rich from coffee -- the second largest commodity in international trade, exceeded in dollar volume only by petroleum. In 1969 Colombia sold $344 million worth of coffee to other countries, which represents nearly 65% of its foreign exchange. But very little of this wealth is returned to the people who produce it.

"The difference between Colombia and other countries," said an official of the National Federation of Coffee Producers, (Federcafe) "is that most of the coffee producers here are poor, not like the big rich landowners of central America, for example. People here can't live from coffee."

This official, like so many other men who sit in plush offices and play with fragments of reality all day long, is ignorant and devious. The people of Guatemala, Salvador, and Nicaragua - that is, the peasants and indians who work at slave wages on the great plantations of those countries - can't live from coffee either. Meanwhile, some people do live -- and live very well -- from coffee in Colombia; namely, the private exporters, bankers, big producers and the government bureaucracy, all of whom have a piece of control in the National Federation.

The mythology of the small, independent producer suggests the absence of exploitive relationships. Nothing could be further from the truth. To begin with, there are more than 2 million people living in the coffee regions, most of them landless and forced to work for a wage that rarely goes higher than 75 cents a day. Secondly, the fact that there are a lot of little landowners doesn't mean that there aren't a few big ones who hold a disproportionate share of the land. Half of all the coffee trees are found on only 13% of the farms; or seen another way, 5.6% of the farms accounted for 38% of total production. The pattern that emerges is a familiar one in Latin America: the minifundio/latifundtio -- many small subsistence farmers alongside a few big landowners who dominate the production of big money crops like coffee, sugar, cotton, etc. The variation here is that since the small farmers produce the bulk of the cash crop on their own land, the latifundista (plantation owner) and his commercial allies must wait for the crop to reach the marketplace before they can exploit the producer.

That's where Federacafe comes in. The Federation sets the price at which the farmer must sell his coffee, either to the Federation itself, or directly to the exporters, or to a variety of middlemen who play the market. The price is set according to the world market price of coffee (which in turn is set by the U.S.); when the price falls, the Federation lowers the price it pays the producer. When world prices are low, the Federation continues to buy and then stores the coffee in its extensive warehouse facilities, waiting for the price to rise. When the world market price is high, the exporters and middlemen tend to buy directly from the producer, since they can offer a price slightly higher than that of the Federation and still clear a nice profit.

In its official literature the Federation describes its most important function (besides improving the standard of living of the producers) as guaranteeing the cafetero a support price for his coffee. The catch is that, except in the case of the big producers, this support price is hardly enough to live on. So while the arrangement differs from the great plantations of Brazil and Central America, the result is the same: millions of people living in sub-human conditions (50% of Colombia's children die before they reach five years) while a few rich people get richer. Among that select group of exploiters we find institutions like the General Food Corp., which currently buys huge quantities of Colombian coffee for 56¢ a pound, (for which the Federation pays the producers 28¢) coffee that ends up costing the Northamerican consumer more than a dollar. But let's take a closer look at this international hierarchy of exploitation.

Ibague, in the State of Tolima, is a city of 200,000 people built on a plateau of the Cordillera Central, the Central of three mountain ranges that run the length of the country. The economic life of Ibague depends on the coffee that grows on the steep mountain slopes around the city. When coffee prices fall, businesses fold and the economy deteriorates; when prices rise, as they have recently, a new bank building or hotel shoots up near the plaza, looking a little out of place in the midst of the low-slung colonial architecture.

These mountains were relatively uninhabited for a long time, until peasants, driven off the rich coastal plain to the West and the plain to the Amazon to the East, settled here on this land "fit only for eagles and mules", as the Federation booklet quaintly puts it. Today, the mountainous coffee regions are surrounded by the great latifundias (plantations) of the plains, where feudal relations prevail. In Colombia as a whole, less than 4% of the farms cover more than 65% of the cultivable land. The flight of the settlers to the mountains was a kind of "spontaneous land reform" with the poor peasants ending up on tiny parcels of nearly-impossible-to-work mountain and the rich ending up with the big estates for cattle, cotton and other cash crops on the plains.

Raising coffee in the mountains is ardous work. So far, nobody has invented a machine for this terrain. The planting, picking, and constant weeding must all be done by hand; then the beans must de de-shelled, washed and

dried , and finally transported, often by mule, over the mountains and into the towns and cities. The process keeps large numbers of people tied to the land at a subsistence level, a desireable objective for the monopolistic industries that can't provide jobs for the people already in the cities, and for the big landowners besieged by the angry and landless peasants they have exploited for centuries. So even if technology could find a way to liberate people from this kind of work, it won't happen under the present system.

There are some small tokens of progress, however. About ten miles outside of Ibague, just off the road that loops and twists around the mountain like a crazy amusement park ride, we met a family that was adding a brick kitchen to its two-room adobe house. The woman was pretty happy with the addition. "The smoke in the old kitchen used to get me dizzy," she said. She spends about twelve hours a day cooking for her husband, five kids and the two or three workers who are usually there to help her husband in the coffee groves of their ten-acre farm. In her spare time, she washes clothes. We asked if the Federation helped them build the new kitchen.

"The Federation? The Federation doesn't do anything," her husband said.

This has been a prosperous year for Colombian coffee (the other side of that prosperity, however, was the devastating frost in Brazil that sent the coffee prices soaring) and this family managed to save enough from the last harvest to build the kitchen. Maybe five years from now there'll be another good year and they'll be able to buy a few animals. Meanwhile, their kids do not go to school beyond the second or third grade because they're needed to work the land, in the case of the boys, or help their mothers in the case of the girls; the nearest doctor is ten miles away, available at prices they cannot afford; they'll go to a dentist only when the pain becomes unbearable and ignore infections that can kill them; with their teeth rotting and skin parched from long hours under the equatorial sun or in a dark smoky kitchen, with this woman's belly stretched from continual childbirth, these people look about 15 years older than the people of the same age we know back home.

Life has a tragic rhythm in the remote mountains of this continent. The people are beautiful until about the age of 20, and then their bodies seem to cave in under the terrible assault of nature; so what should be that pleasurable passage from radiant youth to old age is more a trauma than a natural process of growth. That's another thing: these people's lives will be about 25 years shorter than their counterparts in the cities of Northamerica and Europe.

And this particular family isn't even at the bottom of the heap; at least they have their own land, which guarantee them a kind of survival as long as the General Food Corp. sees fit to buy their coffee. Beneath them are the millions who have no land, who travel from farm to farm, working wherever they can, from crop to crop, across the mountains and the plains and finally into the sprawling slums of the cities.

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LETTER FROM AN ESCAPED PRISONER OF WAR:

by
TIMOTHY LEARY

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. (LNS) --

The following statement was written in the POW camp and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun trucks). I offer living gratitude to my Sisters and Brothers in the Weatherman Underground who designed and executed my liberation. Rosemary and I are now with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high and wage the revolutionary war.

There is the time of peace and the time of war.

There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grin Shiva.

Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace.

The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it.

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life by all and every means possible against the genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic war. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic strategem of genocide to camoflage their wars as law and order plice actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims, defendants of genocidal war, you will not understand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of the brown, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the rightious mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal Bureacratic impulse is soulless, heartless, lifeless,

loveless.

In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategems of organic life:

1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground sisterhoods and brotherhoods.

2) Resist passively, break lock-step ... drop out.

3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer... hijack planes ... trash every lethal machine in the land.

4) Resist publically, announce life ... denounce death.

5) Resist privately, guerilla invisibility.

6) Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.

7) Resist biologically, be healthy ... erotic ... conspire with seed ... breed.

8) Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force ... Arm yourself and shoot to live ... Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remember Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your soul.

For the last seven months, I, a free, wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien ....

Listen comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Right on Leila Khaled!

Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

-- Timothy Leary

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

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THINK FOR YOURSELF

"One of the first things I think young people, especially nowadays, should learn is how to see for yourself and listen for yourself and think for yourself. Then you can come to an intelligent decision for yourself." --Malcolm X, 1964

INDIAN REFUSES TO DELIVER PHONY SPEECH --

STATE OFFICIAL CRIES: SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE INDIANS!"

LIBERATION News Service

WEST CHATHAM, Mass. (LNS) -- A Wampanoag Indian, chosen to be state orator for the 350th anniversary celebrations of the landing of the Pilgrims said state officials not only speak with forked tongue but tried to make him do the same. Frank James, 46, said the speech he wrote, critical of the Pilgrims' treatment of the Indians and the treatment Indians have received ever since, was rejected by the State Department of Commerce and Development. A speech was written for him to deliver at the governor's banquet on Sept. 11, but James rejected it. "This is childish and untrue," he told state officials.

He then refused to deliver any speech.

James, who is president of the Federated Eastern Indian League, had originally accused the Pilgrims of stealing from Indian graves, and stealing Indian wheat and bean supplies for the winter; other settlers he accused of selling Indian "slaves" for 20 shillings. The Department of Commerce objected to the speech because it didn't discuss the good relations between Pilgrims and Indians. The reason for this omission, according to James, was that "There weren't any" good relations.

Earnest A. Lucci, deputy commissioner, said "I never took exception to the speech's historical accuracy, but only that it deviated from the function of a state orator, and besides, it was inflammatory. I mean you can't go around calling people grave robbers."

Lucci especially took exception to one part of James' speech, where he'd written: "We are uniting. We're not standing in our wigwams but in your concrete tent. We stand tall and proud, and before too many moons pass we'll right the wrongs we have allowed to happen to us."

"Now I interpret that as a treat," said Lucci. "What is the world coming to, in these days of discord, when we can't even have a speech calling for unity at a function such as this? Some of my best friends are Indians!"

James told the press: "I wired the governor to tell him I felt my right to free speech had just been restricted. This was a celebration to commemorate the start of white civilization in America, but it also marked the destruction of the Indians."

He then asked, "Why is my son serving on aircraft carrier in the Mideast when back home you can't say the things you want to say?"

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MALCOLM X IS STILL SPEAKING

The newly awakened people all over the world pose a problem for what is known as Western interests, which is imperialism, colonialism, racism and all these other negative-isms or vulturistic-isms.

-- Speech delivered in Detroit, February 1965

OVERDOSE: JIMI AND "THE CULTURE"

by Rick

The Tribe/LIBERATION News Service

"Have you ever really been experienced? Well, I have."

--Jimi Hendrix

Jimi Hendrix could get more music out of an electric guitar than anyone else. He was the ultimate rock guitar player.

As a musician he was so good he could keep several melodies going at once. As a technician he got sounds from his instrument that no one else could. As an acrobat he could play guitar behind his back, with his teeth, or even while fucking it.

He was also a singer, composer, showman, sex symbol, and voodoo child. Millions were thrilled by his records and performances. He revolutionized rock music. He was a hero to the Youth of many nations.

But it all ended in a London hospital. Jimi Hendrix dead at age 27. A victim of junk.

"I can see how poor people, lonely people, someone without hope, might do smack," a brother told me. "But Hendrix had everything. Why Hendrix?"

I didn't have a ready answer but it's been on my mind since. And I think the hollowness of the Youth Culture is largely at fault. Like we haven't done much to break down alienation. We have not truly become sisters and brothers.

The day after he died, a disc jockey on the radio called him "Brother Jimi Hendrix." But I'd never heard him referred to as "Brother" while he was still alive.

Jimi Hendrix was born and raised in Seattle. But he had to go across the country, and then, across the Atlantic to find acceptance for his music. Racism, cultural stagnation, the normal hassles of breaking into the "music industry." Whatever the reason, Hendrix had to leave the U.S. and go to London before he achieved recognition of his talent.

With drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding he formed the Jimi Hendrix Experience. They were the first of the super-high energy bands --the epitome of acid rock. And the model for countless other bands and guitar players.

I saw the Experience on their first tour of the States. They played a free concert in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. Hendrix wasn't that famous yet, but you knew he would be soon.

He was absolutely beautiful! You couldn't just stand there -- you had to move. The music had too much power and life in it.

Finally, after a long set, he quit playing. Stage managers started taking down the stage and the generator. But the people didn't quit dancing! We kept it up about an hour after the music stopped.

The next time I saw him it wasn't so good. He played Winterland for Bill Graham. The place was packed and everyone had set themselves down in neat orderly rows. They were spectators who'd paid their $3 and were there to be ENTERTAINED.

All the energy was flowing in one direction. It went from Hendrix and the band to the audience, which greedily consumed it. Hendrix obviously felt the drain. He was snotty and condescending. The music was good but he wasn't enjoying himself like he had been in the park.

Hendrix was, by that time, a rock idol. The believers paid homage (money) to bask in his presence. They hoped some of the idol's music, soul, excitement, power, sex, or whatever, would rub off on them.

The audience didn't realize they had the power themselves; the power to "recycle" the energy Hendrix was giving them. To tear down the performer/audience walls. To bring the performance together. To get the whole place high.

Our revolutionary music, our new art form, is still part of the old show business hype. For this bullshit "star system" to continue, performers and audience must be kept apart. The performers alone on a pedestal. The audience wishing they could be just like the performer, and BUYING the performer's artifacts. If they ever got together they might find they were all people. And the whole idol/worshipper relationship might crumble.

The people who run the "music industry" (and it's an industry in every sense) know this. A few months back, when Jimi was in Berkeley, some local people asked him to do a Black Panther benefit show. Jimi dug the idea. And his advisors did too -- IF they could make a film of Hendrix relating to the radical community. They felt this would even further enhance the value of their "property" -- Jimi Hendrix.

Without the shuck film, the managers weren't interested. And though Jimi wanted to, "contractual obligations" prevented him from doing the benefit. Despite being a big star, he wasn't free to perform how and when he wanted.

This system is so tightassed that even its privileged classes are put in a box. And no one was meant to live in a box.

But why did Hendrix take up smack? Traditionally, smack has affected the poor. It's been put into the black community where poor people are glad to escape the daily degradation of slum life. But more and more we find people of all races and social classes trying to escape through smack. Loneliness, alienation, and despair make smack attractive to increasing numbers of young people. Even the famous. Even the rich. Even Jimi Hendrix.

This wouldn't be the case if our righteous Youth Nation was a reality. But so far it's only a slogan, only a dream. We're going to have to build it. And we're going to have to put a lot of love and warmth and concern in it.

Altamont should tell us something. Dylan's "retirement" (was he perhaps sick of being drained?) should tell us something. The death of Jimi Hendrix should tell us something. The Woodstock Nation isn't here yet -- no matter what Abbie, or Life, or the movie, or the record company say. We aren't together. Not yet.

If we can't tear down the walls that divide us. If we can't start being more open and loving to our sisters and brothers, if we can't relate

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both to Hendrix and the 12-year-old teeny-bopper, if we can't stop smack...then the culture isn't worth much. Goodbye Jimi. Thanks for the good times.

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YOUNG LORDS PARTY:
POSITION PAPER ON WOMEN

Palante/LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Puerto Rican, Black, and other Third World (colonized) women are becoming more aware of their oppression in the past and today. They are suffering three different types of oppression under capitalism. First, they are oppressed as Puerto Ricans or Blacks. Second, they are oppressed as women. Third, they are oppressed by their own men. The Third World woman becomes the most oppressed person in the world today.

Economically, Third World women have always been used as a cheap source of labor and as sexual objects. Puerto Rican and Black women are used to fill working class positions in factories, mass assembly lines, hospitals and all other institutions. Puerto Rican and Black women are paid lower wages than whites and kept in the lowest paid positions within the society. At the same time, giving Puerto Rican and Black women jobs means the Puerto Rican and Black man is kept from gaining economic independence, and the family unit is broken down. Capitalism defines manhood according to money and status; the Puerto Rican and Black man's manhood is taken away by making the Puerto Rican and Black woman the breadwinner.

This situation keeps the Third World man divided from his woman. The Puerto Rican and Black man either leaves the household or he stays and becomes economically dependent on the woman, undergoing psychological damage. He takes out all of his frustrations on his woman, beating her, repressing and limiting her freedom. Because this society produces these conditions, our major enemy is capitalism rather than our own oppressed men.

Third World women have an integral role to play in the liberation of all oppressed people as well as in the struggle for the liberation of women. Puerto Rican and Black women make up over half of the revolutionary army, and in the struggle for national liberation they must press for the equality of women; the women's struggle is the revolution within the revolution. Puerto Rican women will be neither behind nor in front of their brothers, but always alongside them in mutual respect and love.

Historical

In the past, women were oppressed by several institutions, one of which was marriage. When a woman married a man she became his property and lost her last name.

In Latin America and Puerto Rico, the man had a wife and another woman called la corteja. This condition still exists today. The wife was there to be a homemaker, to have children, and to maintain the family name and honor. She had to be sure to be a virgin, meaning she could never experience sexual pleasure. The wife had to have children in order to enhance the man's concept of virility and his position within the Puerto Rican society. La corteja became his sexual instrument.

The man could have set her up in another household, paid her rent, bought her food, and paid her bills. He could have children with this woman, but they are looked upon as by-products of a sexual relationship. Both women had to be loyal to the man. Both sets of children grew up very confused and insecure and developed negative attitudes about the roles of both parents.

Women have always been expected to be wives and mothers only. They are respected by the rest of the community for being good cooks, good housewives, good mothers, but never for being intelligent, strong, educated, or militant. In the past, women were not educated, only the sons got an education, and mothers were respected for the number of sons they had, not daughters. Daughters were worthless and the only thing they could do was marry early to get away from home. At home the role of the daughter was to be a nursemaid for the other children and kitchen help for her mother.

The daughter was guarded like a hawk by her father, brothers, and uncles to keep her a virgin. In Latin America, the people used "duenas" or old lady watchdogs to guard the purity of the daughters. The husband must be sure that his new wife has never been touched by another man because that would ruin the "merchandise." When he marries her, her purpose is to have sons and keep his home but not to be a sexual partner.

Sex was a subject that was never discussed, and women were brainwashed into believing that the sex act was dirty and immoral, and its only function was for the making of children. In Africa, many tribes performed an operation on young girls to remove the clitoris so they would not get any pleasure out of sex and would become better workers.

The Double Standard, Machismo, and Sexual Freedom

Capitalism sets up standards that are applied differently to Puerto Rican and Black men from the way they are applied to Puerto Rican and Black women. These standards are also applied differently to Third World peoples than they are applied to whites. These standards must be understood since they are created to divide oppressed people in order to maintain an economic system that is racist and oppressive.

Puerto Rican and Black men are looked upon as rough, athletic and sexual, but not as intellectuals. Puerto Rican women are not expected to know anything except about the home, kitchen, and bedroom. All that they are expected to do is look pretty and add a little humor. The Puerto Rican man sees himself as superior to his woman, and his superiority, he feels, gives him license to do many things -- curse, drink, use drugs, beat women, and run around with many women. As a matter of fact these things are considered natural for a man to do, and he must do them to

more...

them to be considered a man. A woman who drinks, curses, and runs around with a lot of men is considered dirty scum, crazy, and a whore.

Today Puerto Rican men are involved in a political movement. Yet the majority of their women are home taking care of the children. The Puerto Rican sister that involves herself is considered aggressive, castrating, hard and unwomanly. She is viewed by the brothers as sexually accessible because what else is she doing outside the home? The Puerto Rican man tries to limit the woman's role because they feel the double standard is threatened; they also feel insecure without it as a crutch.

Machismo has always been a very basic part of Latin American and Puerto Rican culture. Machismo is male chauvinism and more. Machismo means "mucho macho" of a man who puts himself selfishly at the head of everything without considering the woman. He can do whatever he wants because his woman is an object with certain already defined roles--wife, mother, and good woman.

Machismo means physical abuse, punishment and torture. A Puerto Rican man will beat his woman to keep her in place and show her who's boss. Most Puerto Rican men do not beat women publically because in the eyes of other men that is a weak thing to do. So they usually wait until they're home. All the anger and violence of centuries of oppression which should be directed against the oppressor is directed at the Puerto Rican woman. The aggression is also directed at the Puerto Rican woman. The aggression is also directed at daughters. The daughters hear their fathers saying "the only way a woman is going to do anything or listen is by hitting her." The father applies this to the daughter, beating her so that she can learn "respeto". The daughters grow up with messed up attitudes about their role as women and about manhood. They grow to expect that men will always beat them.

Sexual fascists are very sick people. Their illness is caused in part by this system which mouths puritanical attitudes and laws and yet exploits the human body for profit.

Sexual Fascism is tied closely to the double standard and machismo. It means that a man or woman thinks of the opposite sex solely as sexual objects to be used for sexual gratification and then discarded. A sexual fascist does not consider people's feelings; all they see everywhere is a pussy or a dick. They will use any rap, especially political, to get sex.

Prostitution

Under capitalism, Third World women are forced to compromise themselves because of their economic situation. The facts that her man cannot get a job and that the family is dependent on her for support means she hustles money by any means necessary. Black and Puerto Rican sisters are put into a situation where jobs are scarce or nonexistent and are forced to compromise body, mind, and soul; they are then called whores or prostitutes.

Puerto Rican and black sisters are made to prostitute themselves in many other ways. The majority of these sisters on the street are also hard-core drug addicts, taking drugs as an escape from oppression. These sisters are subjected to sexual abuse from dirty old men who are mainly white racists who view them as the ultimate sexual objects. Also he has the attitude that he cannot really prove his manhood until he has slept with a black or Puerto Rican woman. The sisters also suffer abuse from the pimps, really small-time capitalists, who see the women as private property that must produce the largest possible profit.

Because this society controls and determines the economic situation of Puerto Rican and black women, sisters are forced to take jobs at the lowest wages; at the same time take insults and other indignities in order to keep the job. In factories, our men are worked like animals and cannot complain because they will lose their jobs--their labor is considered abundant and cheap. In hospitals, our women comprise the majority of the nurse's aides, kitchen workers, and clerks. These jobs are unskilled, the pay is low, and there is no chance for advancement. In offices, our positions are usually as clerks, typists and no-promotion jobs. In all of these jobs, our sisters are subjected to racial slurs, jokes, and other indignities such as being leered at, manhandled, propositioned, and assaulted. Our sisters are expected to prostitute themselves and take abuse of any kind or lose these subsistence jobs.

Everywhere our sisters are turned into prostitutes. The most obvious example is the sisters hustling their bodies on the streets, but the other forms of prostitution are also types of further exploitation of the Third World woman. The only way to eliminate prostitution is to eliminate this society which creates the need. Then we can establish a socialist society that meets the economic needs of all the people.

Birth Control, Abortion, Sterilization=Genocide

We have no control over our bodies, because capitalism find it necessary to control the woman's body to control population size. The choice of motherhood is being taken out of the mother's hands. She is sterilized to prevent her from having children, or she has to have a child because she cannot get an abortion.

Third World sisters are caught up in a complex situation. On one had, we feel that genocide is being committed against our people. We know that Puerto Ricans will not be around on the face of the earth very long if Puerto Rican women are sterilized at the rate they are being sterilized now. The practice of sterilization in Puerto Rico goes back to the 1930's when doctors pushed it as the only means of contraception. In 1947-48, 7% of the women were sterilized, between 1953-54, 4 out of every 25; and by 1965, the number had increased to about 1 out of every 3 women. In many cases our sisters are told that their tubes are going to be "tied", but are never told that the "tying" is really "cutting" and that the tubes can never be "untied".

Part of this genocide is also the use of birth control pills which were tested for 15 years on Puerto Rican sisters (guinea pigs) before being sold on the market in the US. Even now many doctors feel that these pills cause cancer and death from blood clotting.

Abortions in hospitals that are butcher shops are little better than the illegal abortions our women used to get. The first abortion death in New York City under the new abortion law was Carmen Rodriguez, a Puerto Rican sister who died in Lincoln Hospital. Her abortion was legal, but the conditions in the hospital were deadly.

On the other hand, we believe that abortions should be legal if they are community controlled, if they are safe, if our people are educated about the risks and if doctors do not sterilize our sisters while performing abortions. We realize that under capitalism our sisters and brothers cannot support large families and the more children we have the harder it is to support them. We say, change the system so that women can freely be allowed to have as many children as they want without suffering any consequences.

Day Care Centers

One of the main reasons why many sisters are tied to the home and cannot work or become revolutionaries is the shortage of day care centers for children. The centers that already exist are over-crowded, expensive, and are only super-baby-sitting centers. Day care centers should be free, should be open 24 hours a day, and should be centers where children are taught their revolutionary history and culture.

Many sisters leave their children with a neighbor, or the oldest child is left to take care of the younger ones. Sometimes they are left alone, and all of us have read the tragic results in the newspapers of what happens to children left alone--they are burned to death in fires, or they swallow poison, or fall out of windows to their death.

The Central Committee of the Young Lords Party has issued this position paper to explain and to educate our brothers and sisters about the role of sisters in the past and how we see sisters in the struggle now and in the future. We criticize those brothers who are "machos" and who continue to treat our sisters as less than equals. We criticize sisters who remain passive, who do not join in the struggle against our oppression.

We are fighting every day within our party against male chauvinism because we want to make a revolution of brothers and sisters--together--in love and respect for each other.

FORWARD SISTERS IN THE STRUGGLE!

-- Central Committee
Young Lords Party

* * * * * * * * * *

The following is one woman's response to the concept of "sexual fascism," laid out in the above statement:

"Before I'd even heard of Women's Liberation, I was into sleeping around (with "revolutionaries!") and thinking it was "liberated." I refused to see that men dug my breasts without giving a shit for me. In fact, I developed a defense that worked pretty well: I turned them into sexual objects too. I guess that kind of thing is what the Young Lord women call "sexual fascism." I hate thinking of women as sexual fascists, maybe because I've called myself names all my life, and I think that comes out of oppression. As I see it, men, who oppress women, are sexual fascists. When I oppressed myself, I think I was acting out of and adding to my oppression. But was I a sexual fascist?"

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2 MILWAUKEE PANTHERS GET UP TO 30 YEARS

LIBERATION News Service

MILWAUKEE, Wisc. (LNS) -- Milwaukee has joined the list of cities which have killed, incarcerated or driven underground their young, revolutionary black leadership. Jesse White, 20, and Booker Collins, 22, founding members of the local branch of the National Committee to Combat Fascism (NCCF -- the organizing arm of the Black Panther Party in the area -- have been sentenced to up to 30 years in jail on charges of attempted murder.

The cop they supposedly attempted to murder was completely uninjured and was the only witness to the "crime." According to the police, three young Panthers fired at the cop from a Volkswagon, missing him by several feet, and were picked up minutes later.

Jesse and Booker, along with Earl Leverette, were originally known as the Milwaukee 3. Earl, out on bail, disappeared after the first day of the trial -- a frantic police and FBI search has failed to find him.

The NCCF chapter was comparatively young and had been started after the local Panther branch was dissolved. Milwaukee police, hoping to squash NCCF before it gained momentum, picked out three who were fundamental in getting the chapter started.

The trial was railroaded through in order to finish it before Spiro Agnew came to town, when some anti-Agnew, pro-Milwaukee 3 demonstrations were scheduled to come off. Before and during the trial, the establishment press worked hand and glove with the prosecution, printing a sensational series on the Panthers, calling them cop-killers and extensively quoting J. Edgar Hoover.

The trial was held in a tiny courtroom filled with cops, with almost no room for spectators. Half the seats, reserved for reporters, were either empty or filled with police agents. The defense decided to let the weakness of the prosecution's case speak for itself, and brought in no witnesses of their own.

As the jury went out to deliberate, an undercover cop cheerfully stated: "One half hour from now, Pow! you're guilty!"

He was right. The jury came in with a guilty verdict, and the judge sent the two Panthers away, and off the streets, for up to 30 years.

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TWO OF THE NEW HAVEN 9 ARE FREE!

by Jan Von Flatern

LIBERATION News Service

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (LNS) -- It was less than half an hour's worth of smothered smiles and absurdly incongruous formalities. After sixteen months -- the judge kept saying 474 days -- spent without bail at Niantic State Farm, Rose Smith and Margaret Hudgins were free.

The State's Attorney --suddenly very uncharacteristically amiable -- spoke of having "reached an agreement" with the defense. They "agreed" that Rose and Peggy should be sentenced to not less than fifteen months nor more than five years. Judge Mulvey, to simplify matters (obviously they had served more than the minimum already) sentenced them to not less than eighteen months nor more than three years, sentence suspended.

Spectators, press and defense attornies restrained themselves until the judge had left. Then, in a sweep of joyous activity so alien to that courtroom, Rose and Peggy found themselves engulfed by happy people.

Rose took into her arms the happy child she bore in prison ten months ago; Frances Carter (who served a year with them before being granted immunity to testify), embraced Peggy, her blood sister. Two dozen assorted people stood around the courtroom for fifteen minutes, grinning helplessly.

Even a marshall managed to smile when Peggy, a broad grin lighting up her lovely but thin face, turned to Rose and asked her what she was going to do with her day.

Outside, women from the New Haven Women's Liberation snapped pictures. Peggy stopped on the top step, took a long drag of her cigarette, and for a moment let the wind blow through her hair.

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16 YEAR OLD BLACK MAN MURDERED:

POLICE GO FREE

The Virginia Weekly/
LIBERATION News Service

PORTSMOUTH, Va. (LNS) -- In this Southern city, policemen are talking in official tones about sniper fire and racial tensions, and whitewashing, with the full cooperation of the press, the fact that one man, sixteen years old and black, was killed by their fire, and eight others wounded, all of them shot in the back.

John Bellamy is dead, and the black community of Portsmouth has obtained 201 eyewitness accounts that what happened outside a local football stadium on Sept. 19 was unprovoked murder.

This is their story:

As a large crowd was leaving the football stadium, two young blacks began sparring for fun on the sidewalk. A group of spectators quickly gathered. The festive mood was abruptly ended when Portsmouth policeman Jerry Ennis got out of his car, approached the scene, and without warning began firing his gun into the air. The crowd broke and ran. Another group of cops came out of the stadium and opened fire on the unarmed, fleeing crowd. The police also turned dogs loose on the people. Police gunfire was unprovoked and indiscriminate, aimed primarily at spectators leaving the football game who had no idea what was going on.

Nine people were hit by the police gunfire; all were wounded in the back. John Bellamy was hit in the back and fell to the ground. As he tried to get up again, he was shot twice more at point blank range by Ennis, who then reloaded his gun and began firing into the crowd again. Ennis was not even in police uniform at the time.

Another youth who was wounded testified that he had been standing outside the stadium when he saw the police charge and heard gunfire. He began to run, then heard more shots. He was hit in the back of the head, in the back, and in the left arm. He fell to the ground, turned around, and saw a detective shooting directly at him. He cried for help and heard a voice telling him to lie still. Nearby, he could see Bellamy lying on the ground. He heard a cop standing over Bellamy say, "We don't have to worry about this one. He's dead. Let's see about the other one."

One of Bellamy's friends witnessed the shooting from across the street. When he ran over to help Bellamy, the police held a pistol to his head and said they would shoot if he tried to help his friend. He then began to aid an 11 year old boy who had been shot; when the police saw this, they seized him and threw him into a police car.

* * * *

The official reaction to the slaying and wounding of black people by police officers was typical. A six-hour investigation was conducted by Portsmouth's Chief of Police, who then appeared on television to announce that the shootings were "justified." The killing occured because, police officers, the official version goes were being fired upon by a "group of black youths." The police, of course, were acting in self-defense.

The news media have accepted and supported the police version of the story. While police claim that they were fired upon first, no weapons have been found except their own, not even on the body of Bellamy, who police swear was shooting at them! The only witnesses supporting the police version are white policemen.

When a city policeman kills someone in the line of duty," he is automatically suspended pending an investigation. Jerry Ennis, who shot and killed another black man in February of this year, and is known in the black community for being trigger-happy, has not been suspended. There was no investigation after the earlier killing, either.

Angry blacks marched on the city courthouse the day after Bellamy's murder. They were met by police with shotguns and dogs; armed guards have

been posted around the clock at both the city hall and the police station. When the black community later had meetings trying to plan a response to the killing, armed cops arrived on the scene, forcing people to disperse.

On Sept. 29, a group of blacks appeared at a meeting of the Portsmouth City Council to demand that Ennis be suspended and that an impartial trial be conducted, the armed guards around city hall removed, and the Commonwealth's Attorney disqualify himself from the investigation because of blatant prejudice.

But City Council doesn't listen to black demands as a rule. If the murder was not insult enough, City Council has, further, commended the police department for its handling of the situation. Approval of a resolution commending Ennis is being postponed until after the results of an "FBI investigation" are made known. This blue ribbon investigation will satisfy officials; it won't satisfy the black community.

Establishment media reports of the city council meeting speak of the 9,000 white signatures gathered in support of Ennis, and about the guns and bullets that were sent to the FBI for analysis. The press made no mention of the larger petitions carrying the signatures of black people calling for Ennis' suspension, nor that the guns and bullets sent to the FBI were those used by the police in the attack that killed an unarmed 16-year-old on his way home from a football game.

When one day there is a different kind of trouble in Portsmouth, when the black community strikes back, when rocks and bottles get tossed at police, when barricades go up and a cop finally gets offed there, we know how surprised and horrified the local press and officials will be. And Portsmouth's Police Chief will go on television again to speak resolutely about law and order.

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"WE ARE NOT ANIMALS!
NO SOMOS ANIMALES!"

Everyday in New York's black ghettos, and in its Latin ghettos, and in the neighborhoods where unemployed whites hang around bars and get into fights, an occupying army of policemen makes sweeping dragnet arrests. You get busted for for carrying a knife, for insulting a cop, for haggling with storeowners, for punching it out with a guy who cheats at dice, for taking a joyride in someone else's car. If you don't get shot or killed by the cops, you are hauled to a precinct house, then booked on some charge and carried in a crowded fetid police van to a city lock-up . . .to wait for trial. Sometimes you wait for two years. You wait where there is no light and no air, no protein, no real beds. Where there are guards who use blackjacks on you for fun, where there are guards who won't tell the prison doctor when you need medicine. Rats and roaches and garbage encrust the walls and the halls. Your body stops thinking about nourishment. You are denied access to law books but you don't have the energy to read them anyway. Your bail is so high you don't even dream about getting out on bail. If you're Latin and don't speak English, you couldn't understand the law books to begin with. Or talk with your state appointed lawyer if you ever got one. You are at the bottom. You are an animal.

"WE ARE NOT ANIMALS!
NO SOMOS ANIMALES!"

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Overpowering their guards and taking the jail keys, more than one thousand prisoners in five city lock-ups began an unarmed open insurrection Oct. 2. In all they took 23 prison guards as hostages.

By Oct. 6, the five prisons were back in the hands of Law and Order, tear-gas hung over the prison corridors, and blood stained the broken concrete of prison courtyards. Six of the unarmed rebel prisoners were in critical condition, one near death, and all the hostages were safe.

Even as the last insurgents were carried by police from the top floor of one of the jails, confidently giving fist salutes to onlookers down below, there was no doubt but that the revolution inside this country's most oppressive institutions is just beginning.

The New York rebellion began in the 86 year old, red brick Queens House of Detention, which is slowly decaying in the shadows of warehouses and factories in Long Island City. It reached across the borough to the Kew Gardens jail, then across the railroad yards to the Brooklyn lock-up. Soon Manhattan's infamous Tombs was in rebellion, taking 18 hostages in the second Tombs uprising in two months. Finally, two days after the action began, the rebellion spread across the filthy East River to the Riker's Island detention center.

The fate of the first Tombs rebellion tells a lot about why these five prisons went, and why thousands more will explode soon. The airless Tombs, in the heart of the financial district, is a hellhole. Even New York's Mayor Lindsay was forced to admit in August that the Tombs' prisoners' demands had "much justification."

Last August's Tombs rebels released their hostages only after receiving solemn promises from Lindsay and Prison Commissioner George Mc Grath that prison conditions would change, that court proceedings would be speeded up, and that there would be no reprisals. There were no massive reprisals -- though at least one prisoner had his arm broken by guards afterwards-- but nothing has happened to change the city's prisons. Mayor Lindsay decided to sleep on it. The liberal newspapers, which played up the revolt as they had featured "expose" stories about prison conditions for years on end, promptly forgot the prisoners' demands for change once the hostages were released.

"Promises, promises. We are not animals. No somos animales! We demand to be treated like men, you pig! Do not promise us this or that. Do what we ask! Then your hostages will be released. You sent us soap and toothpaste, you pig! We are

not asking for soap and toothpaste. Fuck that! Yes, Branch Queens is a pigsty. But we want more than just more soap. We want more justice!"

-- Victor Martinez, Latin negotiator for Queens House of D men, to Prison Commissioner George Mc Grath.

So one month after the Tombs rebellion, the angry inmates of five N.Y. prisons took more guards hostage. More than once they threatened to kill them; unarmed men in prison have little other means of defense against the heavily-armed expeditionary force of cops they knew would come to take back their prison. Only the chance that the city would spare the lives of the hostages gave the rebels hope that a bloody police wipe-up operation might be avoided.

But in the end the city did not care about the hostages. In the end Mayor Lindsay ordered the troops in. If the prisoners had known what sheer brutality awaited them, they might not have been so cooperative about releasing the hostages, which they eventually did in every case.

"They did for us better than we do for them. What they did, we should have done. They fed us first from what was available, and let us call our wives. They set up a security system to protect us from the psychos."

-- Daniel Zemann, a Tombs guard and released hostage.

But the city and the mayor and Mc Grath were less worried about the lives of a few low-income prison guards than in showing power and preserving the prison system -- the system they hope will contain and repress the boiling anger of blacks and Latins and poor whites, "lawless" kids and political radicals. Their prisons are built to hold back a sea of rebellion; but now the prisons themselves are in revolt.

"It began here first. Then the Tombs went, then Brooklyn. And pretty soon it'll be all the jails and all the prisons in New York State. Demanding justice!"

--Kenneth Sender, white negotiator for the Queens House of D men; in critical condition, near death

It was the three-hundred-odd men in the Queens House of Detention who put forward the most comprehensive set of demands. Branch Queens --the official prison designation for the disintegrating structure -- is the prison where the rebellion began, where it ended, and where nine of the Panther 21 now on trial are incarcerated.

The Branch Queens men controlled all but the ground floor of their lock-up. Puerto Rican and Black Nation flags dyed on bedsheets fluttered from broken windows; and the men inside leaned out into the dirty air to see the vista of industrial plants and railroad tracks that the frosted window glass had hidden from them before. They sat by the windows, giving fists and wearing bandanas, as three men designated as negotiators--one black, one brown, one white -- talked in the courtyard below to the prison commissioner, two politicians, an aide to Mayor Lindsay, and the press.

Reporter: When will the hostages be released?

Victor Martinez: When a (N.Y.) Supreme Court justice shows up right here to discuss the details of a complete bail review for every prisoner in every lock-up.

Reporter: But there aren't any Justices who are ready to come. So under what circumstances will you release the hostages?

Martinez: Look, Mr. Newsman, you look like an intelligent man, and I am an intelligent man. I ask you... it's up to you, the media, the city. Get us a judge here to meet our demands and the hostages will go free.

The prisoners wanted Justice John Murtagh, who is presiding over the case of the Panther 21, to come to the negotiating table in the Queens prison courtyard. He refused. The Lindsay aide swore there was another judge who could "help you out" with bail. "In fact," the aide smiled, "this judge -- I don't know if you'll believe this -- was planning to hold bail hearings this very Monday. Entirely independent of all this. You see, sometimes the system does work for you." But that judge wouldn't come to the prison either.

The negotiators were ringed by other prisoners dressed in white Arab headresses to avoid recognition and reprisals -- although Lindsay swore there would be no reprisals. The negotiator-prisoners were dressed in kahki prison clothing. The city officials wore suits, and the Lindsay man wore a flower tie.

Q. What is your name?
A. I am a revolutionary.
Q. What are you charged with?
A. I was born black.
Q. How long have you been in?
A. I've had troubles since the day I was born.

--Robert Blake, black prisoner-negotiator in a dialogue with a reporter at the negotiations

On the second day of the Queens talks, black congresswoman Shirley Chisolm showed up, accompanied by latin politico Herman Badillo. Expressing great concern for the cause of the prisoners, "Which I know is just," Chisolm implored the rebels to give up the hostages. If they did, she would try to use her good offices to help them win their demands.

The three men, black and brown and white, put their arms around each other and went into a huddle. Then they came back to the table and thanked her and told her "No, we will press our demands."

Corrections Commissioner Mc Grath watched the discussion, half nervous and half bored. Bored, because he knew that the whole affair would soon be resolved with clubs, gas and blood. Nervous, because the feeling at the scene of the negotiations was that the prisoners were on top. The prisoners were in

FOR CONTINUATION OF PRISON STORY JUMP TO PAGE 20

GM WORKERS GO OUT:
ANATOMY OF A STRIKE

by Ripple (Red)
The Fifth Estate/Liberation News Service

DETROIT (LNS) -- The General Motors Building on Second and West Grand Boulevard looks like a massive gray mountain against the rainy Detroit sky. We pass it every day without realizing what it stands for. It's the world headquarters of the world's largest corporation. GM sales in 1969 were over $24 billion. This was the highest in the U.S. It represents a greater volume of economic activity than that of any "under-developed" country.

Confronting this power are over a third of a million auto workers in North America who have been on strike against GM since September 15. The UAW decided to take on the big one.

But can the union win? The issues are substantial bread-and butter ones: big pay increase, voluntary paid retirment after 30 years of service, no ceiling on the cost of living factor. The $120 million in the UAW strike fund is enough to last for an eight to ten week strike. This sounds like a long time, but the General Motors Company is bargaining from a strong position.

GM has stockpiled enough cars and parts, on the one hand, and built enough plants in foreign countries, on the other hand, to withstand a long strike without going under.

The stock-piled cars are there because the union does not control the rate of production (assembly line speed-up and compulsory overtime).

The foreign plants are there because the UAW has never effectively opposed the way powerful U.S. companies exploit the cheap labor of under-developed countries.

There should be no confusion about the fact that it is GM's imperialism and international racism which has enabled it to grow powerful enough to withstand the pressure of a domestic strike.

GENERAL MOTORS' FOREIGN INVESTMENT

Thirty per cent of GM's total production last year came from overseas manufacturing. This was a 13 % increase over the previous year. Why is GM expanding overseas?

GM builds plants in areas of the world where the labor is cheapest -- where unions are weak or non-existant. It has plants in Uruguay, Venezuela, New Zealand, , Chile, Brazil and South Africa.

At times GM's exploitation in these poverty areas is so blatant as to cause it some embarrassment. An example is South Africa. Company executives claim that investment in South Africa does not constitue support for the South African government's racist policies. But these policies insure GM a large (and secret) profit rate. The average wage for black workers in GM's South African operations is around 55¢ per hour. This is because the South African government has banned labor unions for black workers. Obviously, this white supremacist policy means a higher profit rate for GM.

Moreover, GM's South African management is explicit in its racism. The plant manager of the largest GM factory in South Africa recently referred to black Africans as "raw people from the countryside." He declared, "I wouldn't say that these people don't have any reasoning power, but what they do have is very limited."

Ernest Cuming, publications officer for General Motors in South Africa, admitted in an interview with the Washington Post that the company in South Africa is run directly from the New York headquarters. He also said, "With the hue and cry that is being raised in America these days, we would just as soon not be mentioned in connection with our South African operations. Our position, you see, is rather delicate."

Another aspect of GM's imperialism is the extent to which it provides the hardware to hold the empire together. GM's 1969 operations included the tenth largest volume of war-related contracts in the U.S. This amounted to around $700 million.

An example of this production is the GM Hydramatic Division in Ypsilanti, Michigan, which manufactures the M16 rifle. The M16 rifle fires bullets that tumble in the air after the first 100 yards and have the effect of tearing 4-by-4-inch holes inside the body. A sample of other war material produced by GM subsidiaries includes aircraft gunsights, fire control systems, bombing computers, data repeaters, gun-rocketry computors (AC Sparkplug Division in Flint, Mich. and in Milwaukee); motor gun carriages (Cadillac Motor Car Division, Cleveland); systems and gun-bomb-rocket sights (Delco Radio Division); 90 mm. guns (Oldsmoblie Division in Lansing); 20 mm. automatic guns (Pontiac Motor Division in Pontiac, Mich.).

WORKER CONTROL OVER PRODUCTION VS.
INDUSTRIAL "LAW AND ORDER"

Another reason for GM's strong bargaining position is the inventory that it built prior to the strike. This was done through speed-up on the production line and compulsory overtime.

The UAW has already dropped the issue of compulsory overtime from its list of bargaining points. The issue of speed-up was never seriously raised by the union in this series of talks. Both of these issues relate to the idea of worker control over the rate and conditions of production. The company doesn't want to give this up. The union doesn't want to touch it.

is aware of increased worker dissatisfaction about working conditions. Fortune Magazine, the glossy magazine that proudly proclaims itself "the capitalist tool", has been running a series -- "Who's Down There?" -- about discontented blue-collar workers, mainly on the auto assembly lines. Fortune explains to its business readers a simple fact that most of us already understand. Young workers, both black and white, are fed up.

The young white workers don't pick up on the carrot and stick thing like the older generation did. Lots of times they won't even show up for work just because they figure they can make it on three or four day's wages that week. T hey know they'd rather be at home smoking dope than repeating the same four or five motions 800 times an hour on the line. They've been to school an average of 20% more than older workers. They've watched their fathers spend their lives on the line. They want something different.

The young black workers are coming from a slightly different thing. They grew up at the same time as the Black Movement . They saw that they were being held back as a people and that they had to hang together to overcome the obstacles that racism put in their way. In dealing with the situation in the plants they saw two things. One was that the capitalists profited from keeping black people in the position of semi-unemployed and unskilled workers. The other thing was that the racism of many white workers and union leaders had undermined the democratic and progressive nature of the union. They saw that the UAW was going to continue to be controlled by older, white workers on the whole. It would never tackle the issues that affected young black workers on the line, such as factory safety, speed-up and compulsory overtime.

These attitudes of young black and white workers are putting management against the wall. In December 1969, GM President Roche sent a Christmas letter to All Employees in which he attacked workers who "reject responsibility" and who "fail to respect essential disciplines and authority."

The only people more afraid of young workers than management are the union leaders. They show this by the way they try to suppress rank-and-file insurgent groups within the union, like the League of Revolutionary Black Workers and the Black Panther Caucus in Fremont, California.

This has led to a cooperative effort by management and the union to impose a regime of "industrial law and order" in the plants. A recent article in the Detroit Free Press stated that the UAW is now working with management in training union stewards in Ford plants to cut down on absenteeism and improve worker efficiency.

Workers respond in several ways. On September 4, R.T. Kolody, a 33-year-old white worker in a Windsor Ford plant flipped out behind the tension of speed-up and suddenly grabbed an oil dipstick and jabbed himself four times in the neck. Twenty-five hundred fellow workers walked out of the plant in sympathy.

On July 15 James Johnson, a black worker, brought an M-1 into the Chrysler Eldon Avenue Gear & Axle Plant in Detroit and shot to death the foreman who had just suspended him. Johnson's bullets also cut down another foreman and accidentally killed a worker. He tried to shoot a union steward, but the gun was empty.

In the present strike, observors expect that workers will express this frustration and anger by refusing to ratify many of the local contracts. The local ratifications, grievance settlements, and supplementary agreements will be the most important battleground in the strike. They are the only points where the rank and file will be able to fight GM. In doing so, they will have to fight GM's twin imperialist institution --the UAW . The holdouts and wildcats that follow the national negotiations will expose the extent of rank and file disillusion with union leaders who will want them back in the plants once the national contract is signed.

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NOTICENOTICE NOTICENOTICENOTICE NOTICENOTICE:

The last paragraph on page 17 of the story above should read (in the white space): "But even the management is aware. . ." etc.

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SOLEDAD BROTHER TALKS ABOUT SISTERS

SAN QUENTIN, Calif (LNS)--

"Hey, there's something really important I want to say." I was interviewing Fleeta Drumbo, one of the three brothers facing the electric chair on charges of killing a prison guard, when he interrupted with this exclamation:

"I want you to tell people that we completely support women's liberation.

"I saw an article in a women's magazine," he went on, "that said black men are opposed to women's liberation. But that's not true of all black men. The Soledad Brothers know that women are oppressed and exploited, and we support any movement in defense of their freedom and their right not to be exploited."

Picking up an issue of "Women, A Journal of Liberation" he spoke to the photographer: "Take a picture of me with this, so people will know."

[SEE PHOTO IN THIS PACKET TO ACCOMPANY THIS STORY]

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BRINGING THE WAR HOME?

LIBERATION News Service

COLUMBUS, Ohio (LNS)--Four cannons on a jet fighter displayed on the campus of a downtown technical school here were removed by police recently after thieves unsuccessfully tried to get them.

The cannons, the same type being used currently in Vietnam, could have "torn up all the downtown section," police officials said.

The plane, purchased as surplus from the government, was used as an exhibit and as a model for aircraft technology students at the Columbus Technical Institute.

"The guns were all in perfect working order," Police Captain Richard Bron, said. "All anybody needed was the ammunition."

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[NOTE to editors: If you have space problems, this story can be cut at either of the two sets of asterisks (***).]

QUE VIVA PUERTO RICO LIBRE!
YOUNG LORDS CALL FOR MARCH ON UN OCTOBER 30

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Thirty young Puerto Ricans between the ages of 13 and 25 rode down the mountain of Barrio Coabey into the town of Jayuya on Oct. 30, 1950, opened fire and attacked the jailhouse. They were members of the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party and their leader was a woman, Blanca Canales. The Nationalists held Jayuya for two days before their rebellion and the Nationalist uprisings in ten other Puerto Rican towns were crushed.

On the twentieth anniversary of that brave attempt to liberate Puerto Rico, the Young Lords Party is calling for a national demonstration at the UN to protest the colonization of Puerto Rico by the U.S. and to press for the following four demands:

1. Liberate Puerto Rico now:
   a. Withdraw all military bases and troops from the island.
   b. No more Puerto Ricans forced to serve in the U.S. Army.
2. Free all political prisoners and prisoners of war.
3. End the genocide of all Third World people
4. Smash U.S. imperialism.

The Third World contingent of the demonstration will meet at 125th St. and Lexington Avenue at 11 am and will join white supporters at 96th and Lexington at 11:30 am, when the two groups will march together on the UN.

Speakers at the October 30 rally will include representatives from two Puerto Rican movements, MPI (Puerto Rican Pro-Independence Movement) and FUPI (Federation of University Students Pro-Independence); Joe Waller from JOMO (Junta of Militant Organizations); Dominican and Chicano radicals; a member of I Wor Kuen, a Chinese collective; a member of the Black Panther Party Central Committee; and radical lawyer William Kunstler. Puerto Rican folksingers will provide entertainment.

* * *

The primary purpose of the UN demonstration is to call attention to the enslaved condition of Puerto Rico, which is owned and controlled by the United States.

Today the island legislature's powers deal with such heavy matters as traffic regulations. Real political power resides in the U.S. House Committee on Insular Affairs and the Senate Committee on Territorial and Insular Affairs, both of which meet in Washington, D.C., some 1500 miles from San Juan. Appeals from Puerto Rican courts are decided in Boston and final jurisdiction rests with the U.S. Supreme Court.

U.S. federal agencies control the country's foreign relations, customs, immigration, post office system, communications, radio, television, commerce, transportation, maritime laws, military service, social security, banks, currency and defense -- all of this without the people of Puerto Rico having a vote in U.S. elections.

The Pentagon controls 13 per cent of Puerto Rico's land and operates five atomic bases there. In addition to the major bases, there are about 100 medium and small military installations, training camps, and radar and radio stations.

Three U.S. companies control Puerto Rico's sugar industry, which accounts for half the island's agricultural income. Impoverished Puerto Rican plantation workers chop the cane for tax-free U.S. companies, ship the raw product to the States where it is refined, packaged and taxed, and then buy back the finished product at exorbitant prices.

Phillips, Union Carbide, Texaco and Standard control Puerto Rico's other important resource, the petrochemical industry. The oilmen have caused severe pollution in some of the best fishing waters in the world, so that now the island is forced to import 95 per cent of the fish it consumes.

American Metal Climax and Kennicott Copper are presently in the process of ripping off $1.5 billion worth of Puerto Rican copper deposits.

What do Puerto Ricans get out of the "helping hand" the U.S. has lent its tiny neighbor? Knowledgeable Puerto Ricans put the unemployment rate at 30 per cent. Four out of every five Puerto Rican families earn less than $3000 per year; one half receive less than $1000 annually. Whereas wages are a fraction of those on the mainland, the cost of living on the island is higher. Most statistics place island costs at 25 per cent higher than those in New York, Chicago or Boston.

* * *

In their demand "free all political prisoners and prisoners of war" the Young Lords are particularly pressing for the release of four Puerto Rican liberation fighters -- Oscar Collazo, Lolita Lebron, Martin Sostre and Carlos Feliciano.

Oscar Collazo has spent twenty years in jail for the attempted assassination of President Truman on November 1, 1950. Collazo was the President of the Nationalist Party Junta in New York at the time of the attempt. The American press had incorrectly reported that Nationalist Party leader Pedro Albizu Campos had been killed in action during the uprisings in Puerto Rico on Oct. 30. Collazo and his companion Griselio Torresola decided to execute Truman, the man responsible for the supposed death of their leader. Torresola and one guard were killed during the gun battle that raged that day at Blair House, the temporary residence of the president. Three other guards were wounded.

Collazo was originally sentenced to death for his attempt against Truman, but the pressure of an international movement to save his life forced the president to commute his sentence. All over Latin America people had demonstrated, picketed and rioted for Collazo. Even heads of state, like Prime Minister Nehru of India and King George of England sent telegrams and letters asking Truman to save Collazo's life. Argentina threatened to break off relations with the U.S. if his sentence

was not commuted.

Collazo is still serving his life sentence in Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

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On March 1, 1954, the U.S. House of Representatives was scheduled to discuss how to crush the spirit of Puerto Rican independence which was still simmering after the attempted revolution of 1950. To remind the rulers of Puerto Rico that the liberation struggle would continue, four New York members of the Nationalist Party, led by Lolita Lebron, walked into the spectators gallery and emptied their guns into the assembly below. They wounded five congressmen, one seriously. As the house guards came at them, Lolita unfurled the Puerto Rican flag, wrapped it around her arms and yelled for the world to hear, "QUE VIVA PUERTO RICO LIBRE." Lolita is still in a federal prison in Virginia; her male companions are in Leavenworth.

*

Martin Sostre is a black Puerto Rican currently serving a 41-year sentence on a trumped-up narcotics charge. His real crime was challenging white authority. Sostre was operating the Afro-Asian Bookstore during the 1967 black rebellion in Buffalo. The store had been a center for community gatherings, so police and firemen destroyed it during the riots. Sostre still wanted it to serve the community, so he boarded up the front and used it for a community information center. The cops retaliated -- they beat Sostre and arrested him on the phony narcotics charge. A year later, an all-white jury sentenced him to 41 years in prison. Sostre spent the first 13 months of that sentence in solitary confinement.

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Carlos Feliciano is being held in solitary confinement on $250,000 bail in the Manhattan men's jail, The Tombs. He was arrested May 16 and charged with attempting to blow up an army recruiting station in the Bronx, and with being responsible for 40 other bombings in New York City. Police allege that he is a member of MIRA (Movimiento Independentista Revolucionario Armado), a group which has destroyed $14 million worth of U.S. property in Puerto Rico and the United States.

Feliciano has been forced to appear three times in court without representation, he has been questioned without the presence of his lawyer, and his home has been searched without a warrant.

Feliciano is the former bodyguard of Nationalist Army leader Albizu Campos and a former cadet in the Nationalist Army. After the uprisings of 1950 he was charged under the Smith Act of speaking against the government and sentenced to five years in prison. He moved to New York after his release, hoping to escape further repression.

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QUE VIVA PUERTO RICO LIBRE!
MARCH ON THE UN OCTOBER 30

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PRISON REBELLION STORY, Con'd from page 16

charge. In their khakis and their white headresses and headbands, they might have been a revolutionary tribunal meting out justice to George Mc Grath in a trial that would have been quicker, with greater justice, than any prisoner in Mc Grath's and Lindsay's prisons would ever receive.

The actual demands never came over very big in the radio-TV-newspaper 'crisis coverage' of the rebellion. The demands were basic, popular and political. Not just an end to the hellish conditions in the city jails, but specific political demands:

* the complete bail review that might give some justice to thousands of poor people
* permission for ministers of Islam to hold Muslim church services for the many Black Muslim prisoners who are denied religious activity in jail
* permission to distribute the Black Panther newspaper
* provision for Spanish-speaking lawyers and interpreters for Latin prisoners;
* and restoration of bail for Afeni Shakur, one of the framed-up Panther 21.

[Afeni's bail was revoked because she arrived 40 minutes late in court one morning. She had received a phone call saying that her mother was sick, and she went to the hospital to see her. There was a mix-up and her mother wasn't there, so Afeni headed back to court where Murtagh revoked her $100,000 bail. It was later reinstated in the midst of the rebellion uproar.]

The rebellion did finally intimidate one liberal judge into holding bail hearings inside prison grounds, and a few men were actually released. The other demands have been ignored.

While Lindsay and his friends were "negotiating" in Queens, their cops were busy cleaning up Kew Gardens, the Tombs, Brooklyn and Rikers Island. In Kew Gardens alone more than 200 prisoners were seriously injured by the cops. It was clear that Lindsay and the liberal establishment were more into teaching rebellious prisoners a stern lesson than into reform.

One by one the prisons fell back into the hands of the jailers. The Tombs fell under a tear-gassing, club-swinging onslaught. Hostages straggled out of the citadel-like prison unharmed (not a few of them expressing strong support for the prisoners' demands) and the repressive apparatus turned its ire on the last hold-outs, including the Panthers, in the Long Island City lock-up.

Hundreds of cops and prison guards, armed with clubs and axe-handles, milled around the barbed-wire barricades the police had set up. Floodlights illuminated the early morning haze, and the word came down to attack the rebels.

Police turned the rotting prison into a tear-gas chamber, and the heavily armed and gas-masked cops and guards moved in on the gagging prisoners, who had no place to go. A few hundred prisoners were rounded up and made to sit facing the wall in the courtyard. As more prisoners streamed out of the building toward their comrades, the prison guards,

...more...

back in control, went after them.

The guards were in their element now, and they were pigs. Five and sometimes ten guards ganged up and smashed prisoners on the head with long clubs, as other guards watched and laughed. They climbed over one another to get in their licks, and beat at least ten men into unconsciousness. Then they tossed their limp and bleeding bodies into waiting police vans.

One victim was reported near death, although police refuse to divulge his condition or whereabouts. He is Kenneth Sender, the white member of the prisoners' negotiating team. It was clear that the guards had singled him out as a traitor to his race.

Meanwhile, inside the building, Victor Martinez, Sender's Latin counterpart, kept shouting to people outside, "They're beating prisoners unmercifully!"

When the early morning carnage was done, it was learned that Mayor Linday had been inside the jail at the time, continuing with the negotiations. The Mayor was reported to be completely unaware of the brutality outside the walls. It was Lindsay who had promised there would be no reprisals. "I hear there were injuries on both sides," was his comment when he heard of the beatings.

Thirty-nine of the prisoners, including the Panthers, refused to surrender their position, and barricaded themselves on the top floor. They shouted down that unless their lawyers and newsmen could be present when they left the jail, they (the prisoners) would be killed. Hours later, the police agreed to let several Black Panther defense lawyers enter the prison and accompany the 39 hold-outs. A huge fire department crane with a bucket device rose to the top floor of the jail, and the lawyers and prisoners were let out. They shot fists into the air as the bucket lowered them to the ground.

Two days before, on the sidewalk in front of the barbed-wire, a middle-aged white fireman spoke with regret. "We're not heretto put out fires, we're here to help the cops. But Jesus, I'd rather not be here. Those guys in there are right."

At the negotiations that same afternoon, Victor Martinez said, "This is not a protest. This is not a riot. This is a whole thing. We are going to create a paradise out of this hell."

And it was not just the prison he was talking about.

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JANIS JOPLIN 1943- 1970

I'M GONNA SHOW YOU BABY, THAT A WOMAN CAN BE TOUGH

By the LNS Women's Caucus
LIBERATION News Service

Women is losers--somehow the men always end up on top
Take it, take another little piece of my heart now honey, you know you got it if it makes you feel good.

* * *

Janis Joplin is dead of an overdose of heroin. She said last year, "These kids who touch drugs are crazy when they can have a drink of Southern Comfort." So, why was she using heroin?

"When I get scared and worried I tell myself, Janis just have a good time. So I juice up real good and that's just what I have." She said she was a beatnik not a hippie. "Beatniks believe things aren't going to get any better and say the hell with it, stay stoned and have a good time."

At a recent rock concert in Boston, Janis played the sexy earth-mother role. "I can't understand how a woman can't not make it with a man," she said. "When you're depressed, getting laid will cheer you up." The men in the audience started yelling "I want to ball you, Janis." "I'll take you on one at a time," she shouted back. But her songs talked about how "Women is losers" and "Love is like a ball and chain."

And then there was the interview with people from the underground newspaper, Inquisition:

INQ: There's a lot of people that always hang around at the end of the show-- like us; does that put you uptight? Do you want to tell everyone to just get fucked?

Jan: Not really that. But there's really an inability to get involved with a person. The reason anybody gets involved with anybody else is to be with them, communicate with them, have something valuble happen, get to know them. I can't do that with people who come around after the show, you know. There's not enough time. It doesn't complete the demands for a person-to-person relationship, so it doesn't do anybody any good.

INQ: By the way what happened to Sam? (a friend of Janis')

Jan: He's in Hawaii.

INQ: Any reason for the split-- out of curiosity?

Jan: It just wasn't right.

INQ: Yeah last year when you were in Durham, you said the only reason you kept him around was that he was a good ball.

Jan: No, I never said that.

INQ: That's what you said.

Jan: No, I didn't.

INQ: I may be mistaken but....

Jan; You are. Because, no I didn't.

INQ: Alright, whatever.

Jan: I wasn't making it with Sam.

INQ: Okay.

Jan: So I really wouldn't say that, would I?

INQ: You were pretty high at the time... I was just wondering.

Jan: That's really funny, really funny. You think. Fuck! ...You think people are...going to be your friends, and all they do is figure out... little screws.... they think we'll open you up or something. (She begins crying).

But what do you do when you're from a town in Port Arthur Texas where you were a misfit? "I read, I painted, I didn't hate niggers. Man those people back home hurt me. It makes me happy to know that I'm making it and they're back there just like they were." She wanted to be a success to show the

folks back home in Texas, but it didn't work. "I went home last year, thinking they would accept me now. And they kicked me out of a restaurant because my skirt was too short."

"It looks like everybody in this whole wide world is Down on Me, baby, down on me."

She split from Texas when she was eighteen and drifted around the country trying college a few times. She thought she'd be a teacher or a computer programmer. Meanwhile she colleced Leadbelly and Bessie Smith records and sang in a few Los Angeles and Austin bars. In 1966 she joined Big Brother and the Holding Company in San Francisco. Her singing came from the Black Blues tradition. In addition to Bessie Smith and Leadbelly she dug Big Mama Thornton, the originator of Ball and Chain.

People said her tortured singing wrenched out of something dark nether region of her Texas soul. "I got into this because of something inside of me. I'm not one of those people with a learned skill. I've got to let loose what's inside."

The San Francisco youth scene really turned her on. "I couldn't believe it, all that rythm and power. I got stoned just feeling it, like it was the best dope in the world. It was so sensual, so vibrant, loud, crazy. I couldn't hear so I sang louder and louder. By the end I was wild."

She worked hard for audience communication and intensity and always got it. It was not always expressed the way she wanted. At a concert at the Fillmore east in February 1969, just after she had left the Holding Company and was setting up her new band, people demanded she sing Holding Company songs. She tried to explain that she wanted to bring out new songs.

Her performances were really fantastic--just the way she held the microphone close to her face when she sang and sensually stroked the metal pole; the agonized expression on her faces and the way she threw her head back as she drank Southern Comfort between takes. Many women saw her as liberated,--tough, together and devil-may-care.

"I'm a mean mean woman. I don't mean no one man no good. I just cheats 'em like I want to and I never treats 'em like I should. No I ain't the kind of woman to make your life a veil of ease..."

On the other hand, *I guess I'm just like a turtle hiding underneath it hardassed shell. But you know I'm very well protected. I know this goddam life too well. You can call me mean. You can call me evil, yeah, yeah. I'm gonna take good care of Janis, honey no one's gonna talk me down."*

In "Piece of My Heart," the woman tries to be tough and together but she knows she's getting treated like shit. She gave her lover everything a woman could possibly give: *"Honey, you know I did,"* and now: *"You're out on the streets looking good, baby, but deep down in your heart I guess you know it ain't right."* She's at a loss to know how to handle it. *"But each time I tell myself, well, I think I've had enough, well, I'm gonna show you baby that a woman can be tough."*

"I'm doing just what I want with my life, enjoying it," Janis said in an interview once. "People like to say I'm ruining my voice, but I can still reach all the notes I ever could. I don't know how long it will last. As long as I do, probably. Maybe people enjoy my music more if they think I'm destroying myself."

"Maybe I won't last as long as other singers, but I think you can destroy your now worrying about tomorrow. And when I can't sing, I'll worry about it then. Maybe I'll have babies..."

She worried alot about people who didn't like her music, "proper people" who thought it was in poor taste. She worried that she wasn't pretty enough. She built herself a fantastic house and drove around in a red Porche with psychedelic paintings. And drank Southern Comfort, and shot heroin.

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TIM AND ROSEMARY LEARY SAFE IN ALGIERS

LIBERATION News Service

ALGIERS (LNS) -- Sources in Algeria report that Tim Leary, who recently escaped from prison in San Luis Obispo, where he was serving the first of several ten-to-thirty-year sentences for possession of marijuana, has arrived in Algiers with his wife, Rosemary.

Leary escaped from the California Men's Colony in San Luis Obispo by climbing over a fence. He later changed clothes in a gas station men's room and disappeared. Weatherman claimed credit for aiding in his escape. Leary left behind a letter thanking Weatherman and urging young people to fight actively against U.S. imperialism.

The Learys appeared unexpectedly at the Black Panther Party Embassy in Algiers. Surprised Panthers let them in and, after brief consultations, arranged for the couple to be granted asylum in Algeria.

Algeria does not have diplomatic relations with the formal U.S. government. The Black Panther Embassy represents the revolutionary, anti-imperialist peoples of this country and handles all relations with the Algerian government.

The Black Panthers stressed that the Party had not known that Timothy was coming, and had not participated in his escape, but that they welcomed his presence in free territory:

"The Embassy is available to all oppressed people, to all victims of bureaucratic capitalist imperialism," they added.

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[NOTE TO EDITORS: see Leary's letter on page 8 of this packet]

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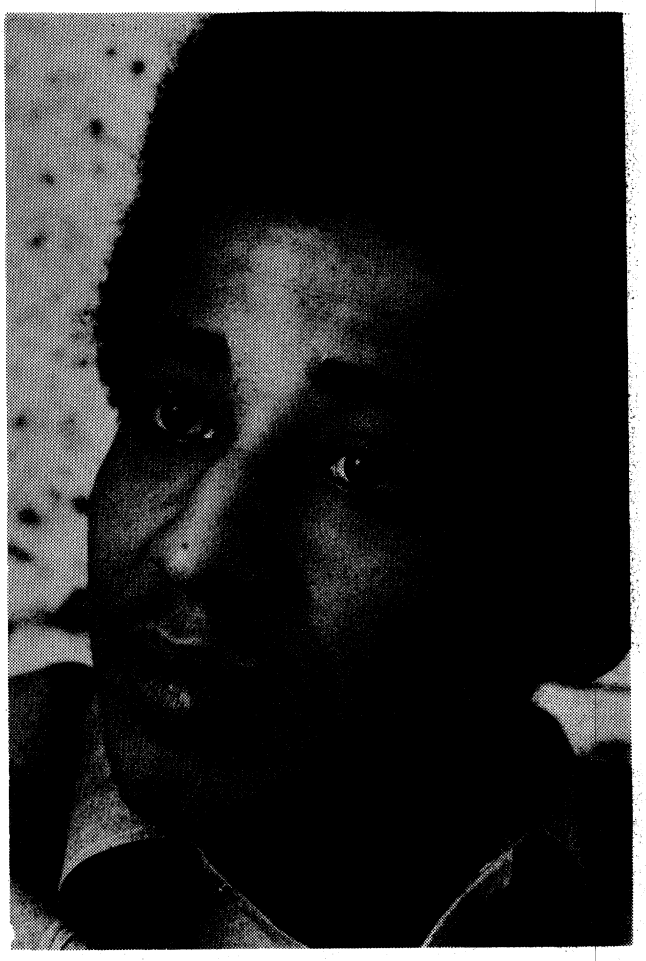
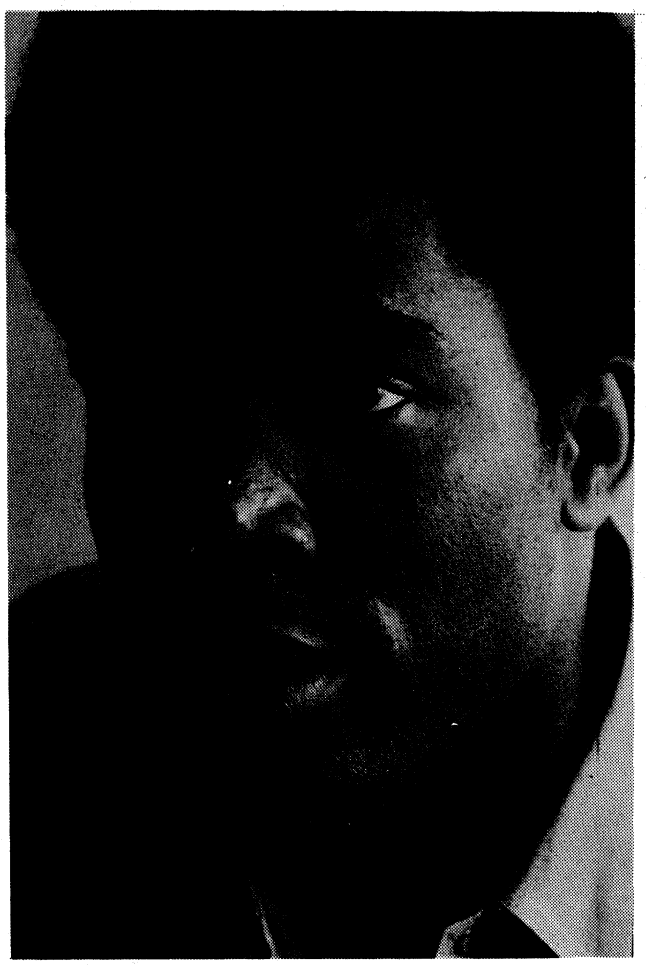
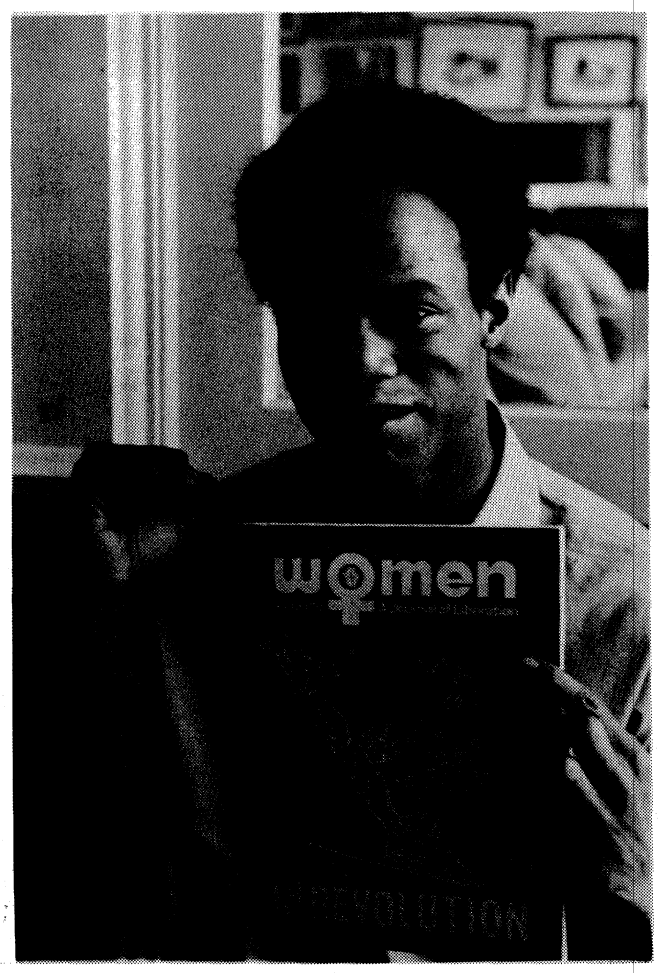
OCTOBER BILL IS COMING. R.S.V.P.



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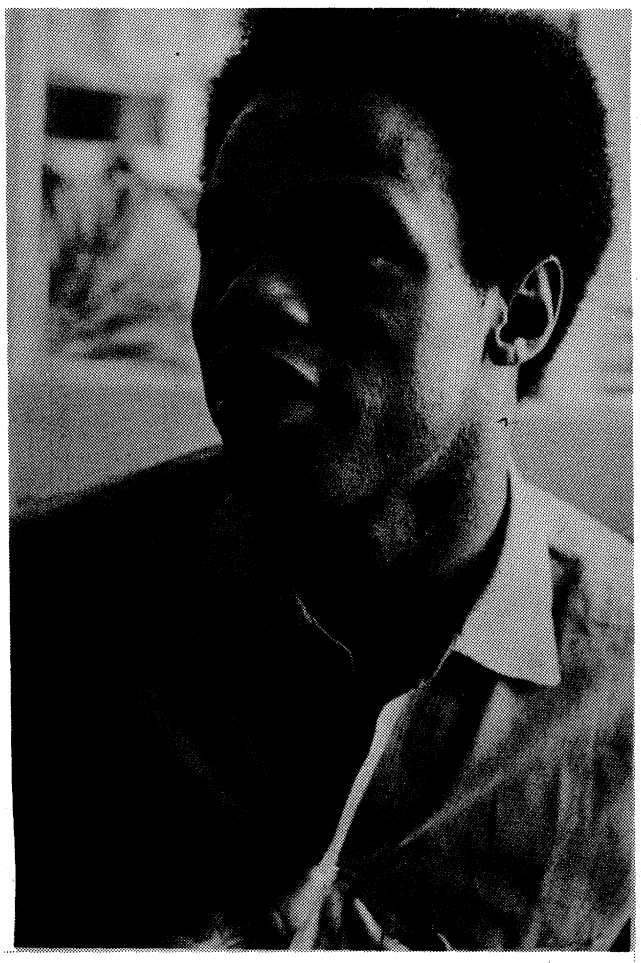


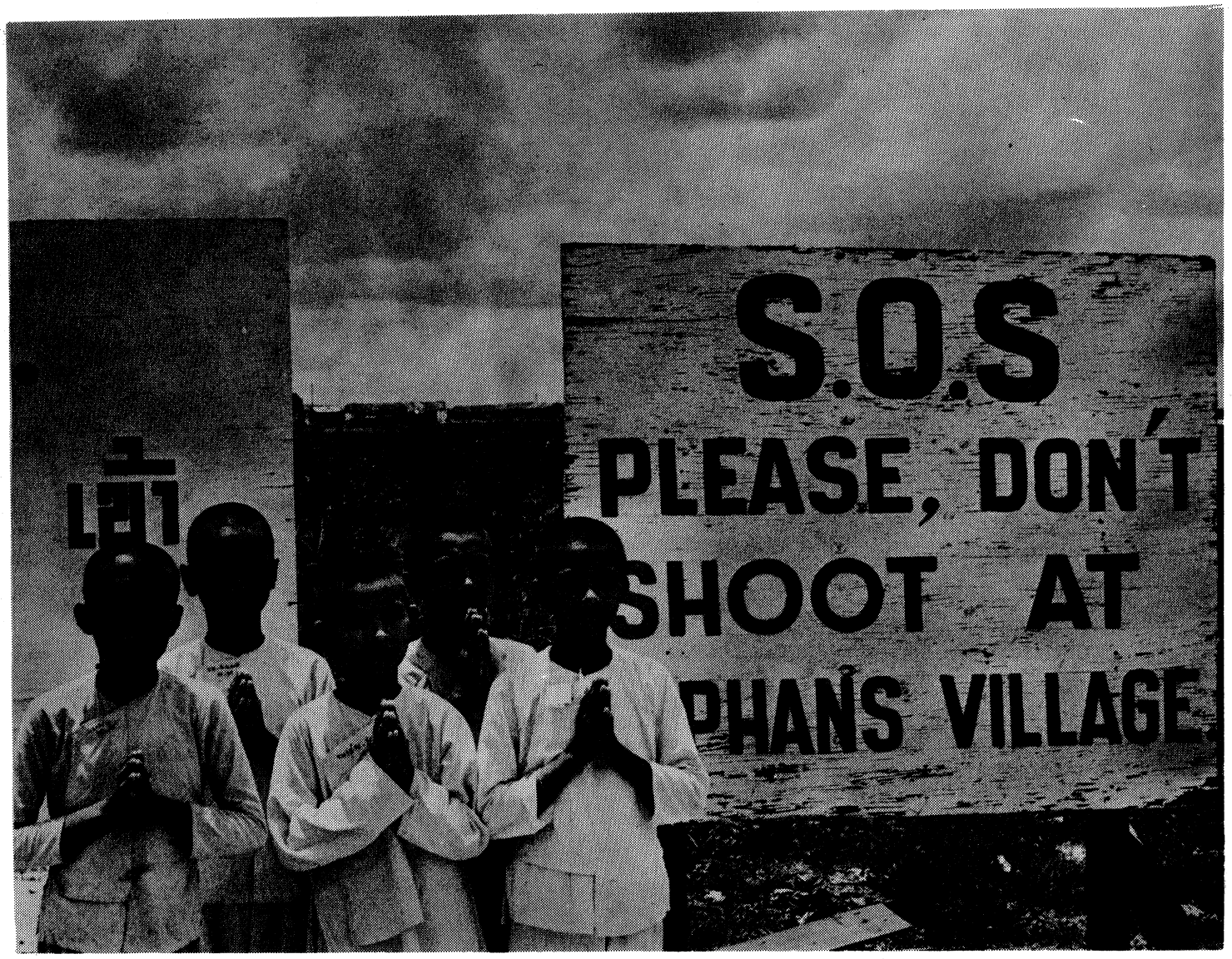
SOLEDAD BROTHERS

TOP Left; George Jackson.
TOP Right: John Cluchette.

Photos by Steve Shames/Photon West/LNS.

Bottom left: Fleeta Drumgo.
Bottom Right: Fleeta shows the brothers' support of Women's Liberation.

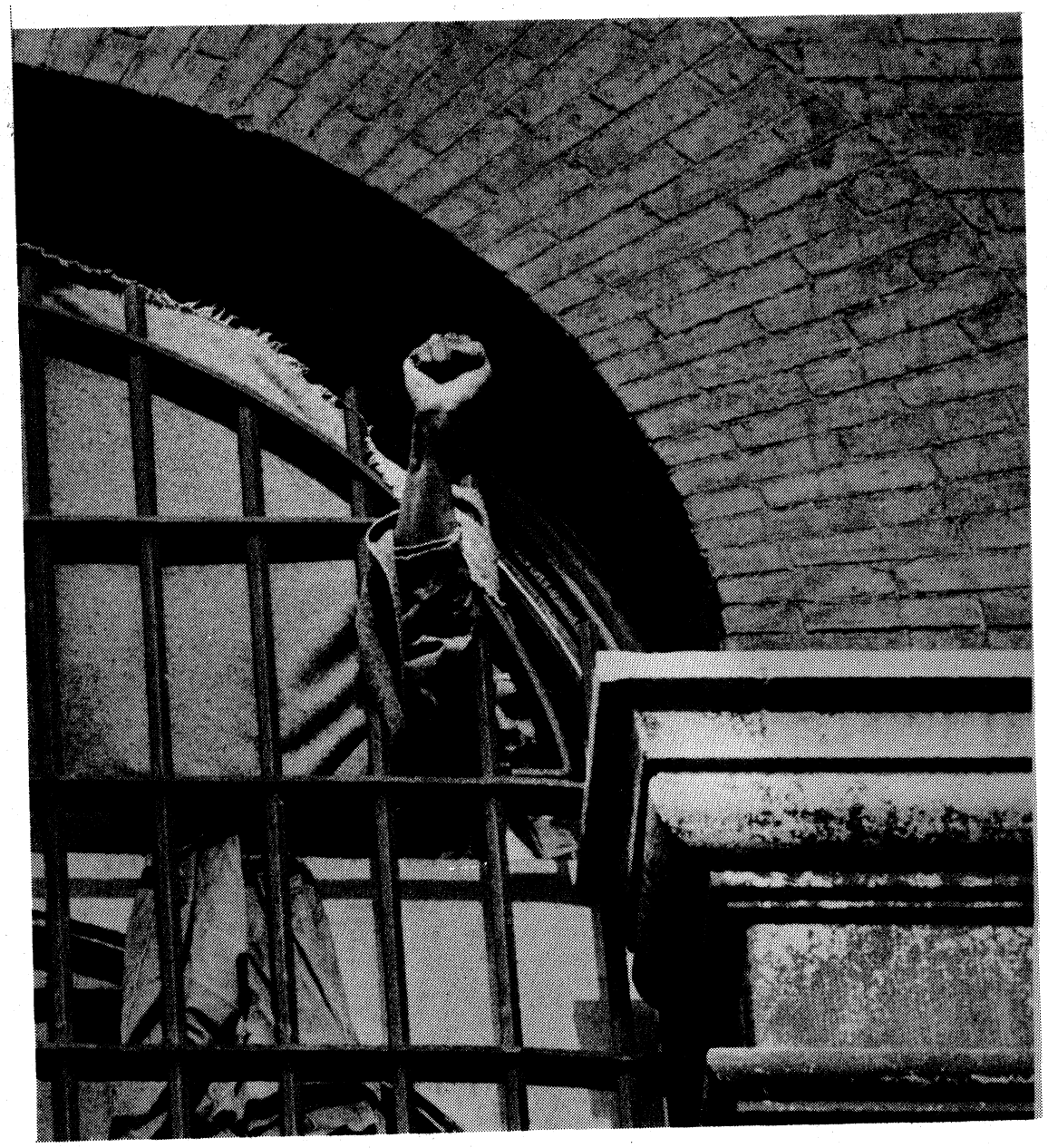
Both photos by Steve Shames/Photon West/LNS.

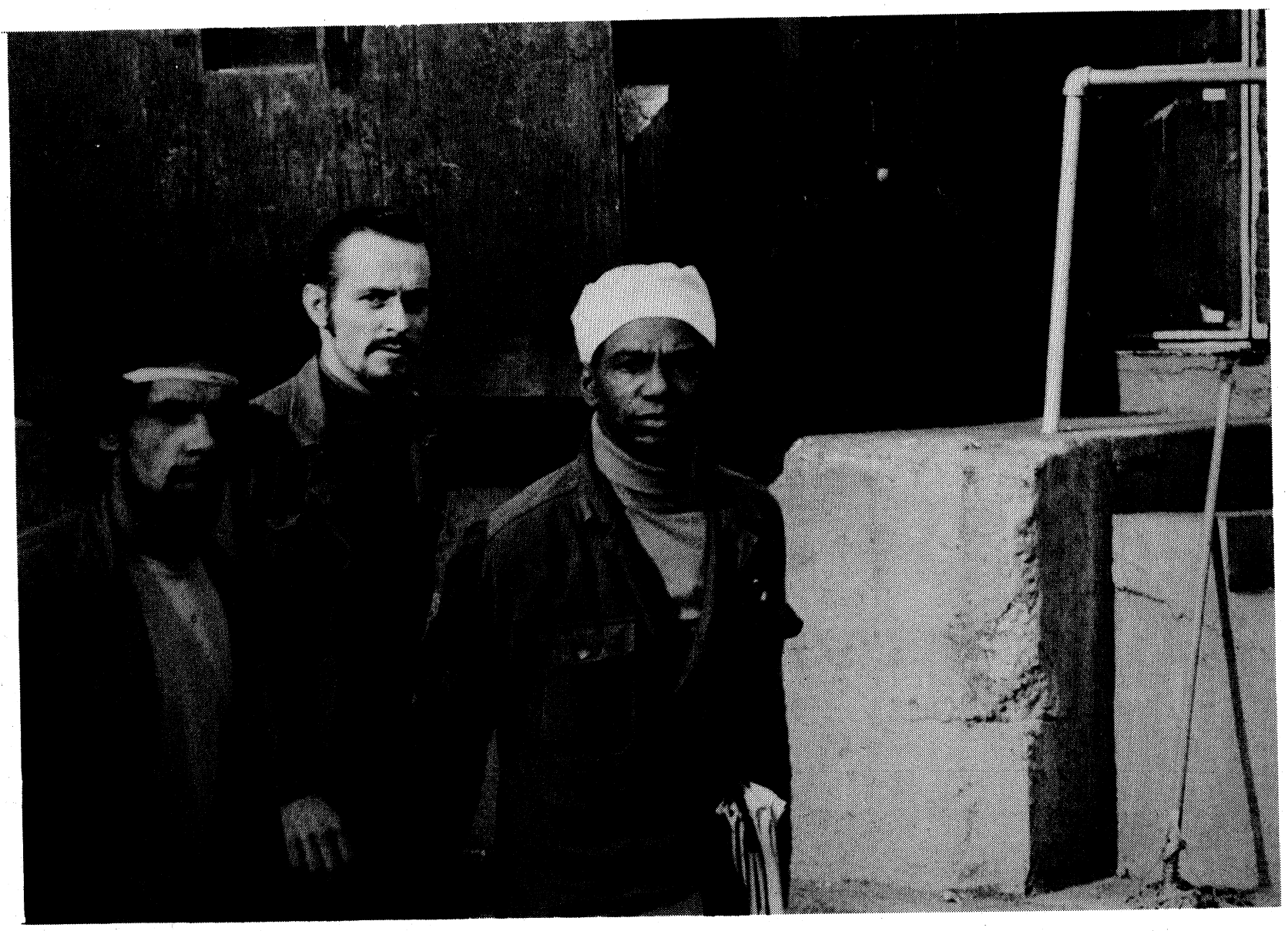

S.O.S
PLEASE, DON'T
SHOOT AT
PHAN'S VILLAGE

6c postage
VISIT THE
USA
BRING MONEY

TOP: May 30, 1970 on the road from Saigon to Vung Tau. Buddhist orphans stand in front of a sign warning soldiers not to shoot at the orphans' village. Evidently their village had been fired at by U.S. and ARVN troops. Photo by Robert C. Scheu/Photon West/LNS.

Bottom left: Drawing by Tom Lindsay. Credit LNS.
Bottom Right: Stamp by Joel Michael. Credit LNS.





Top: Prisoner in a window of the Queens House of Detention during the takeover. Credit LNS.

See story in this packet!!!

Bottom: Victor Martinez, Ken Sender and Robert Blake, the three members of the prisoners' negotiating team, in the yard of the Queens House of Detention, on the way to a press conference, Friday, Oct. 2. Credit LNS.